

PROGRESS.

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HOW IT WENT

With a Rush and a Houp-a-la.

THE LIBERALS GO UNDER

Scenes When The Returns Were Coming In.

BOTH IN THE INSTITUTE AND BERRYMAN'S HALL.

Who Entertained the Conservatives, and the Feeling in Liberal Headquarters—A Good Time in Both Places—How the Night Ended.

Who showed under! Thursday was a very stormy election day—without, the snow fell from early morning until midnight, and within—the polling booths—the ballots dropped as unceasingly and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the liberal candidates for the city and the county of St. John were not in sight. Popularly speaking they were "in the soup."

They did not have to wait until the polls closed to find it out. It was in the air. For days before—in fact ever since the campaign opened the liberal supporters were hoping against hope; they were fighting against almost certain defeat and they could not put the same heart into the fracas as they might have otherwise. The shadow of last winter's local contest hung heavily about them. Despite their feeling that the dominion contest would be run on other lines they knew that their same opponents were on the war path again; the same men who had fought and conquered their fourteen months ago were at work again with as complete an organization as ever was perfected for a political contest. They were not only there but their leaders—Stockton, Alward, McKeown, Shaw, Rourke, Smith, George McLeod, Howard Troop were to the front also. To the ranks of such as these there were such additions as Connor and Kelly who are always fighting for the "government." But above and apart from these—the wings of the party—there was the main body—the fold and tried conservatives and the young and active conservative club.

These were strong forces to fight against strong for the liberals, and Messrs. Ellis, Rankine, and Weldon went under. That was the verdict written upon the faces of the few groups that had gathered in Berryman's hall—the old liberal wigwags—at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when Progress strolled into the main room. The floor was cleared of benches and there was an air of anxiety about every newcomer which did not auger well for the success of the party.

The blackboard looked very lonely on the platform which contained a few chairs but no persons. The districts were all outlined and plenty of chalk was ready for the scorer, whoever should be appointed to that memorial task. In spite of the wet blanket over the spirits of the audience, which at this time about half filled the hall, there was a hearty cheer for Mr. Weldon when he entered the room, puffing and panting, but as cheerful as though he was sure to stand at the head of the poll. With as certain knowledge of defeat as he could possibly gather from the reports of his faithful workers, his greeting and his laugh were as hearty as ever.

Clarence Ferguson brought the first return, and he didn't make any noise about it either, because his slip called for a majority of 29 for McLeod. That was in one division of Dukes, and as John L. Carleton mounted the narrow platform and slowly chalked the figures down, a painful silence fell upon the crowd—for it was a crowd by this time.

"Ah that's a bad hole," shouted a spectator, "wait till you get the rest of the ward."

Queens followed with one division, giving 23 against Ellis, and when one section of Victoria stood 66—32 against the city liberal, and a Prince division contributed 117—57 in the same direction, the feeling that there was not a shadow of doubt of the result spread through the room.

Old campaigners like Col. Blaine walked into the room glanced at the board and turned away without a word. There was no encouragement there for them. If they smoked they invariably indulged in a comfortable pipe or a cigar and after the first few minutes of disappointment, began to joke upon the events of the day. There were plenty of incidents that would be a

going, for every ward worker contributed his share of good stories, some of them were very amusing and if half of them were told they would more than fill this page. Still there were men who would hope against hope, and cheer their throats dry against a favorable return, however small, came in. One Wellington division gave Ellis a majority of 1, and there was an enthusiastic howl which was prolonged as Prince, Sydney and Kings divisions stood 81—57, 89—55, and 111—45, in the same direction.

John Connor is in luck this week for he sent in a crushing return from Stanley Ward, just doubled the vote against the liberals and contributed something at the same time toward winning his wonderful bet of \$50 that the highest liberal would be 300 votes behind the lowest conservative. No doubt the wager was made for political effect at the time but it proved very correct after all.

Notwithstanding the returns the crowd was good natured and even jolly. When the return of Flint was announced they cheered themselves hoarse. Among the platform people who crowded around the telegram and smiled was Chairman John McMillan who had had a hard day's work of it, and not only him but scores of others who found a seat or a leaning place while they waited for the news.

It was nearly 7 o'clock by this time, and the crowd was hungry. Good news would have been more satisfying to them than anything in the eating line, but the latter was preferred to such dismal reports as came in. As soon, however, as they began to go fresh faces put in an appearance and began to shout for all they were worth. For the outside counties were being heard from, and a good many of them were favorable at the start. It was by no means the same crowd that had looked in silence at the board in earlier hours. By the way, that board was a curious sight. Scorer Fred Langan had tired of his job as quickly as the crowd tired of the figures he was putting down, and left the board in disgust.

It wasn't very long before word came that Foster was going under in Kings, and it turned into a crazy place. Men shouted and laughed until they were too hoarse to speak, apparently caring nothing for St. John, so long as Foster had gone down. In fact, some of the speakers spoke in this strain, and the crowd responded to the echo.

All the candidates got a fine reception. Mr. Weldon took the overturn as philosophically as possible, and talked better and clearer than he frequently does on the stump. Mr. Ellis seemed somewhat subdued, but rattled off his sentences as lightly as ever. There was nothing in Mr. Rankin's face to indicate that he was very sorry.

The scene baffles description when Domville himself appeared upon the scene. From the door to the platform he was passed along by willing hands, and it is safe to say he did not walk a step of the way—with a mighty shout from the crowd he reached the platform and turned to speak. But that was impossible for many minutes. It did not matter to the shouters that it was Domville—he was the man who had beaten Foster—that was the thought apparently in their minds. Domville's speech was interrupted again and again by cheers, and while, he said, the result would be very close with the chances in his favor they would not listen to that but shouted the harder. No one would have dreamed that the same voters had been snowed under by a cool thousand votes in their own city and county.

On the platform telegrams came irregularly. Jones, of Digby, doubtfully raised a terrific cheer which was repeated with much laughter when Mr. McAlpine alluded to him as "the nephew of our own Senator Boyd."

"Thompson is cutting down Temple's majority" was the shout, and the howl was taken up and continued again and again.

"LeBlanc of Kent is probably elected." He wasn't, but the crowd thought so just the same and went wild.

For a time the same result was claimed in Albert, but it soon became evident that there was much doubt about it. Not so with Coulter or Gillmor. Their names were greeted as though every man in the audience knew them intimately.

The last and greatest cheer was called forth by the news of Carling's defeat in London, Ontario. That seemed to be a good night-cap for the liberal shouters, and they went home happy.

They were not so happy next morning, for they found the government sustained by about the usual majority, and Kings county doubtful.

In a minute's chat with a PROGRESS representative, Mr. Weldon ascribed the causes of defeat to the split in the local party of over a year ago. "There is no doubt of it," he said, "much the same cause has contributed very largely to our defeat. I met it frequently in my canvass, and have felt all along that it would be a

hard prejudice to overcome. Our men worked like Trojans, but it was an uphill fight with such a split in the party."

WHERE THE VICTORS CHEERED.

The Crowd at the Institute and How the Returns were Received.

At five o'clock there were groups of voters and small boys standing around the doors of the polling booths, or gazing in at the windows to see the ballots being counted. And when the last stroke was made and the tally figured up, the hustlers spent no time in verifying their calculations. Out among the anxious voters they went with a rush, giving the result, and hurrying on in the direction of the different headquarters. Those who went to Berryman's hall had had news, and all who hurried to the Institute were light hearted and happy, and could not get there fast enough.

Long before the votes were counted the Institute was crowded. On the stage, a huge blackboard was being rapidly decorated with chalk marks, and every mark brought forth a cheer. Twining Hart and Alex Macrae, perched on tall step ladders, were the artists, and they had a pleasant duty to perform, although more than one number was placed on the board in silence.

A more disordered or excited crowd never filled the Institute. It took possession of the stage as well as the auditorium, and George F. Smith proved a model chairman for such an occasion, as his large presence gave him an prominence that was highly necessary in such a gathering. There was not much room for him to move about, for the stage in front of the blackboard was crowded as much as it possibly could be without a score or more enthusiastic voters falling into the orchestra. As it was, when some of the returns came in showing large government majorities, many of them jumped so high that there were some doubts in the minds of the cooler portion of the audience as to where they would light. But some of the men on the edge of the stage were brought to their senses in a way that made them alarmed for their personal safety. The foot lights were burning as brightly as if they were celebrating the victory, and so was the fringe around the bottoms of some of the enthusiastic voters' trousers. Then there was a general demand to have the lights put out. A number of people in the auditorium thought the same thing should be done to the crowd standing before the black board, obstructing their view of the returns, and shouts to this effect came from all parts of the hall. An effort was made to comply with these requests, but it was just like forcing back water—the crowd surged in again as soon as the men pushing it back turn around. Indeed all efforts to clear the platform were unsuccessful, even when the chairman took the matter in hand. In the hall, the same disorder, was everywhere. Only a few had the courage to sit down, and they could not see anything. So everybody stood up and engaged in lung exercise at intervals of about one minute each.

The institute fairly swarmed with humanity. The floor was packed, and there was hardly any of the walls visible between the main hall and the galleries. Even in the balconies and gallery the crowd reached to the roof. And everybody cheered. Men with returns from the different wards made their way to the blackboard, and then shook hands with everybody on the stage. All except the ladies, perhaps, for a large number of them were on hand when the returns first began to come in. That excited and happy mob cheered and shouted until it was hoarse. It cheered at everything, for the returns indicated a regular Waterloo. As the time wore on and there were only a few blank spaces on the black board to be filled in, it got more orderly; many people went home, and some thought it would be safe to sit down. But instead of the crowd getting smaller it grew larger every minute, for those who had been home to supper now began to pour in by the score to enjoy an evening of jubilation.

When the city candidate appeared at the back of the stage the cheering was wild. A lot of hustlers instantly got hold of him and hoisted the Hon. E. McLeod up in the air, till he bounced up and down like a balloon in a gale, while one man pulled the candidate's fur cap off of his head and flourished it for him. And when he tried to make his way through the crowd his joyous supporters pelted him with their caps as hard as ever boys did each other when playing globe through fire and water. But "everything went." Then when he endeavored to make a speech he was hoisted up again, and the crowd cheered. When he took his coat off there were cheers also; and when he got up on a chair to speak, there was so much cheering that the prospects for his remarks being heard by those on the other side of the footlights did not look very bright. The crowd couldn't keep quiet. It was the voters' turn to get off their surplus wind, and they were bound to make the best of it. The candi-

dates had had all the opportunity they wanted during the last three weeks, and so long as they spoke on the present occasion, it did not matter whether anybody heard them or not.

Then Mr. Skinner came in for a boosting, at the hands of his supporters. He was sitting in the orchestra, and was instantly caught hold of by men above him and pulled up on the stage, with about as much care as baggage masters usually give to a valise; and up he went towards the chair and a speech demanded. But in such an uproar, anything in that line seemed utterly out of question. For a successful candidate, Mr. Skinner was just about as cool as "they make them," and calmly putting his hands in his pockets, waited until the noise subsided. Then he made a few remarks, and the crowd seemed disposed to listen to them, until an individual in the gallery broke the silence—which was only being about half broken by Mr. Skinner—with "you done just right, Mr. Skinner," delivered as coolly and deliberately as the candidate himself could have done.

But one of the great events of the evening was the "old flag." Some patriotic spirits at the back of the stage fished it out of some out of the way corner, nailed it to a long pole, and passed it out into the crowd where it was waved back and forth with a vengeance, while the audience cheered and cheered, and cheered again, and then gave three cheers and a tiger. It was a great day for the old flag; all one had to do was to point to it and the mob howled. After the "boy candidate," had been bounced up and down like a stuffed man, he referred to it, and set the crowd going.

Then there were calls for McKeown, and the young M. P. P. came forward. At that time a chair wasn't high enough, and a high step ladder was brought into requisition. McKeown was forced to elevate himself, and the crowd wouldn't listen to him until he had reached the top step, where he had to keep a clear head to prevent a catastrophe.

From that out everybody had to mount the step ladder, if he wanted to speak, and nearly every one with any pretensions to oratory, had a chance including an old and rough looking customer, considerably under the influence, who was up the ladder before anybody noticed him, and all creation wouldn't get him down until he had had his say. He was good for two hours address at the least, if the people below had not shaken the ladder until he was in danger of landing in the pit, and the chairman coaxed him down, while the crowd shouted "put him out" and cheered. In fact, everything began and ended with a cheer, for newcomers took the places of those who had yelled themselves hoarse, and the latter never gave up.

Early returns from the outside places now began to come in, and they were all encouraging. Minister Foster had a majority in Kings, and everybody cheered for Minister Foster; but as later returns came in, the cheers grew weaker and weaker, until they could hardly be heard at all. Halifax had gone conservative by a large majority; they had swept the city. Hurrah for Halifax! And the cheering was almost as great as when it was announced that Sir John had been elected in Kingston. Three cheers for the old man! and up they went with a ring that would have done anybody's heart good.

And Charlotte! Down in the county of old war-horse Gillmor, where Harry McKeown took pains to inform the audience he had been on the stump, and which accounted for his not being conspicuous in the campaign here—down in Charlotte the prospects looked good for Clarke; St. Stephen gave him a big majority, and there were cheers for Clarke, and "Gillmor was no good." But Grand Manan and some parts of the county had not been heard from, and as the returns came in the interest in that place lessened.

There was good news from everywhere, but the amount of unpleasant information with which it was served kept the enthusiasm from raising the roof off the building. In the north everything looked bright. Hon. Michael Adams had been elected, and somebody in the gallery proposed "three cheers for Mike." And when Ald. Forrest mounted the step-ladder and referred to his dear friend and play-fellow, the Hon. Mike Adams, there were "cheers for Mike" again.

And so it went on. From five o'clock the hall had been crowded, and those who came there from the polling booths never thought of supper. As the evening wore on the crowd settled down for a night of speeches and rejoicing, and everybody who got a chair made use of it. The rest stood in the aisles or hung on to the ceiling. The stage was still crowded, and in fact the institute seemed to have become common property. Every door was opened, and people wandered where they would. Behind the blackboard quite a number made themselves perfectly at home,

tipping back their chairs and pulling away at big cigars, or walking about and viewing the mysteries of a show house. But everybody was good natured. Young and old, big and small, professional men and laborers, were all on much better terms than they will probably be a week from now, and one could do much as he liked with the other. And the same good feeling prevailed throughout the hall, except when some irreverent spirits made unpalatable remarks in the galleries, and were promptly hurried down stairs. In fact it was too one-sided for anything, and in the imagination of the multitude Berryman's hall bore more of a resemblance to a morgue than it really did, except when word was received that the lights in that building had refused to burn. But they had a better opinion of the vanquished when the remark of one of the Berryman hall mourners was read: "Badly bruised, but still in the ring."

The audience at the Institute was in for a night of it, and it mattered not what they did so long as the crowd kept together, and listened to anybody or anything, so long as it savored of liberal conservative and every hustler who appeared on the stage had to say something. Robert Maxwell, the coming Alexander Mackenzie was there, mounted the step ladder, and recited some poetry, in which he bent over so far that there were some doubts as to whether he intended to make a speech, or perform the feat of climbing up one side of the ladder, and coming down the other head first. He also thanked the workmen for voting as they had voted. "Napoleon" Barker travelled skyward, and there was "nothing the matter with Napoleon, hurrah for him." And the crowd hurrahed, while Barker said that if Napoleon did fall at Waterloo he was fighting for his own country, and not for a foreign country, as John V. Ellis had fallen. Hurrah for Napoleon again, and "Ellis is no good." And so it was all the evening; first one spouter and then another mounted the step ladder and spouted, including A. W. Macrae who came down from one perch and went up on another, and J. B. M. Baxter, who had just come from the sheriff's office with more good news than he could carry. In fact every spouter seemed to have come from somewhere and each had good news, and many given half a dozen times during the evening.

Senator Boyd was on hand covered with smiles, but a seat in the auditorium did not satisfy the crowd, and he was promptly helped up on the stage, and then ascending the ladder, clasped his hands as if in prayer and beamed upon the audience. Then he began to tell stories about most every place and country from Ireland to Kalamazoo, and it looked as if he would be on the ladder when daylight came round again. For the senator is an amusing old gentleman and the crowd was in the proper humor for funny stories. He had just come past Berryman's hall, you know, and somebody had told him that they were holding a wake there, but he wondered that they were cheering instead of singing the "Dead March." As he was coming along, he overheard an old woman talking to her son, and she said:

"And who won the day, do you know—the liberals?"

"Faix no, but the bloody conservatives," said the son.

"Gorra, gorra," cried the old woman, "but we'll all have to go to the United States for they won't let us bring it down here."

"And sure, do you know how they won at all?"

"Indeed an' I do. Sure I was down in Lower Cove the day, and begorra, but they was buyin' the voters up like sheep, do you know?"

And the senator beamed until his spectacle began to drop off.

When the noise subsided, the senator remarked that he did like to talk to an audience that would listen to argument. He had been talking to a man the day before about reciprocity, and when he could not meet his arguments, the man told him to go to a country that has a great reputation for heat. "And I asked him," said the senator, "why he didn't send me in the opposite direction, and he would never see me again."

He gave a graphic description of the grand old man, who, although telegrams poured in on him from every point, still had time to send his congratulations to St. John; and an equally graphic description of the hyena-like face of Sir Richard Cartwright, and his numerous characteristics each and every one of which resembled some animal or other, of the kind that one likes to see in a trap. In fact, a great many people referred to by the general senator bore a striking resemblance to the animal kingdom. And so he went on telling stories about every body and every thing for the amusement of the crowd until he got a chance to slid down off the ladder and back to his seat. Even there the senator had to have his say, for when the

news came in that Baird was elected in Queens, he got up to tell what a glorious "little fellow" George Baird was, and what an amount of influence he had at Ottawa, and about the way he had worked in the interests of St. John.

But the step ladder always had a load to carry. Ald. Connor vindicated his right to live outside of a lunatic asylum which was the place he said was assigned to him by those to whom he made the prophecy that the number of votes polled by the lowest conservative candidate would be 300 more than the vote of the highest liberal candidate. He had signified his willingness to back up his opinion in a substantial manner, and he had won.

Then the rest of the North End hustlers came in for a hearing, and hustlers from all parts of the city congratulated the electors, thanked the electors, and said good words for the young men; and late in the evening a cheering mob poured out into the streets, and crowds of shouting electors were met everywhere.

READY FOR THE FIGHT.

How the Strongholds Looked the Night Before Election.

Anxious voters and workers crowded both the liberal and conservative headquarters, Wednesday evening. All was confusion. In Foster's hall there was speaking, but it did not amount to much. The tobacco smoke got the best of even the most patriotic, and there was very little satisfaction in spouting to a restless crowd, that tried to strengthen its nerves with the weed.

Very little work seemed to be going on. On the contrary everybody seemed to be counted for his not being conspicuous in waiting for the morning, and all confident of winning. The entrance of a spouter of any kind was the signal for calls for a speech, and when he did take the platform the people were too indifferent to listen to him. All the evening there was a crowd on the stairs, going up and down, blocking the doors leading to the rooms and doing nothing in particular. Then was deriding about the rooms and gazing at the old flag, and the campaign cartoons posted up everywhere—long strings of cars full of Chicago beef, coming into Canada under unrestricted reciprocity; Messrs. Laurier and Cartwright covered with feathers and hatching the annexation chicken; a large map showing the deserted farms in New Hampshire and Vermont, and lots of other things to amuse the independent voters. Campaign literature was strewn about the floors and tables everywhere, and voters' lists were as scarce and hard to find as many of the men whose names were on them.

Mr. McLeod was there with the most successful smile seen during the campaign, making a gallant effort to shake hands with everybody in the room; and Mr. Robertson poured forth patriotism and loyalty from the platform to people who could hardly see him through tobacco smoke.

In the rooms with "strictly private" over the doors there was an air of mysteriousness that bewildered the listless voters. Ward heels came out of them with a rush, and had to give the pass word to get in again.

The two narrow glass doors at the head of the stairs in Berryman's building slammed to and fro all the evening, and one found many of the people in the hall that he saw in the Foster building a few minutes before. They went from one hall to the other in search of something to interest them, but apparently did not find it, for nobody seemed to stay very long at either place. In Berryman's hall the air was even of a deeper blue than that in Foster's. Men were loafing about everywhere, perched on the back of benches and endeavoring to consume all the tobacco possible, before they started to raise a revenue on it.

On the platform was a huge blackboard marked off in districts, and ready to receive the returns on the following day, yet there was not a man in the hall who could imagine those blank spaces filled out.

The hustlers went home early Wednesday night to refresh themselves for a hard day's work on the morrow. The sky was black and murky, and the stray snow drops foretold a bad day for the election.

How Prices Ran Wednesday.

Mr. Montague of the county of St. John called upon Progress Wednesday. He came with a card in his hand upon which was written the name of the gentleman he wished to see. Mr. Montague could not read and he did not know what was written on the card. When invited to state his business he closed the door and looking cautiously around said he wanted \$5.

"What for?" was the reply.
"For my team and my vote tomorrow."
"Yes; who are you going to vote for?"
"Well, if I get the money I will vote for Weldon and Rankine."

It began to dawn on Mr. Montague by this time that he was in the wrong shop and he left disgusted.

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VERTISE IN PROGRESS

CHRONICLES OF "TRIM."

A CHARLOTTETOWN SCRIBBLER CREATES A SENSATION.

Which is Described by "Progress" Correspondent in the Following Chronicle—People who Rushed into Print and Others who Kept Quiet.

It came to pass in the island called Prince Edward, in the fifth month of the second year of the reign of good king "Jed," that there arose in the chief town of that island, a man, mighty in his own estimation, but mean in the eyes of the people. And he wrote a book—behold! This was also a cunning man, and he had the book printed in a far off city to deceive the people, and he called the book Society. And behold, it was wrought about with divers colors, blue, and black and white, and he called it beautiful. And it was so. And it came to pass that the book was sent to the market places, even to the stalls of the chief book merchants in the land, and behold the people of the land bought freely thereof for shekels of silver. And behold, when the people got them to their own homes, each one locked himself up in his secret chamber and opened the book and read thereof. And behold they were sore distressed and they arose in their wrath and said: "Let us consult together to see who hath done this wicked thing." And they held consultation together, even the chief priests and scribes and elders. And they accused one another with divers and strange words, and much commotion. And one of the accused—a mighty book merchant in the land—arose and wrote unto the examining scribe saying: "Behold I have not done this thing: I am falsely accused, because, verily ye have no proof that I am guilty." And the people cried with a loud voice, "He hath not done this thing; he is innocent." And they agreed not among themselves, and there was much bickering, and the sun went down upon their wrath.

Now there were in the Market Stalls two other book merchants, and behold they shall be called "Chance and Greater." And their hearts did burn within them, and they said, one to the other: "Let us sit down and write to the chief scribe, lest, peradventure, we be blamed, and our bread be taken from us;" and they did so saying: "Behold we never saw the book. We sold it without reading and as soon as we read it, we refused to sell it," and it was so. And the people gnashed their teeth and said: "Verily we cannot tell who hath brought this evil upon us." And they were sore distressed, because they could not visit their wrath upon "Tom Trim." And it came to pass that there was much discussion in the chief town, and when the good King heard thereof he ordered the book to be straightway brought to him; and it was done. And he called together the members of his house, even the queen, the queen's sister, the prince and princess, and the mother of the princess, and they assembled. And the king spake unto them saying: "Sit ye down that I may read unto you the words which are written in this book. For, behold, a mighty man hath appeared among us, and hath dealt with us, and, peradventure, our fame will be spread abroad throughout the land. And it came to pass that the queen had already bought of the chief book-merchants and had read the book and she knew that the king understood not whereof he spake, and she said: "Behold O, king! thy servant hath many important duties to perform, for it is not yet noon; therefore, I pray thee, excuse thy servant." But the king would not. And behold she troubled the king that he fled to his private chamber and fastened the door; for, he said, "otherwise I may not read the writings of 'Tom Trim.'" But, behold, when the king had read, his anger was kindled, and he thrust the book into the furnace and it was consumed with fire.

And behold one of the chief law-makers of the land, a mighty man of speech, sought through the chief town for the book and bought freely thereof, even to the number of ninety and nine, being all that was left. For saith he, "Verily and of a surety this 'Tom Trim' be one of my people. For he attacketh the people in high places, even as I do, and I will make him my scribe, for, peradventure, I will soon be a ruler in the land." So Doo Labis was comforted.

And it came to pass that the sweet singers in the Synagogues of the chief town assembled and took counsel together and said: "Behold this man accuseth us of intending to wash—This moveth us to much anger, inasmuch as one of our multitude desire to wash"—and it was so.

And there was also a mighty merchant in the land, who was called Lewis. And he marvelled at the dissensions among the people and said: "Verily I will visit the stalls of the book merchants and behold with mine own eyes what hath caused this commotion. And he went. And it came to pass that the book merchant denied "Tom Trim," saying: "Verily I know not the book" for he was afraid. But, behold, this mighty merchant was of great cunning, and he went unto the chief Examiner and said unto him: "Deliver unto me, I pray thee, a book wrought with divers colors, blue, and black and white, and the name

thereof is Society, and he delivered it unto him. And the countenance of the mighty merchant became illumined, and he gat him quickly to his own house. And behold when he had read the book, thus he spake: "I will hide these writings of 'Tom Trim,' lest peradventure, they be found in my habitation, for he hath dealt unfairly with the people of our land." And he was sore at heart. Now, behold, the scribes of the chief town were of the number of five and they were at war one with the other. But they were astonished and said "Come let us reason together." And it was so. And, behold, "Jiggs," one of the five, a meek man and a holy, spake unto them saying: "Verily this man hath committed a grievous wrong and deserves condemnation, but I pray that ye remember the good that he hath wrought among us, inasmuch as he hath already given us the great causeway under the sea, and hath commanded that wine bibbling and drunkenness be banished from our land." But one scribe said "nay" and another "yea," and there was great strife. And it is so, even unto this day. And, behold, "Jiggs" was discomfited and departed unto his own house.

And it came to pass that the young women of the chief town, who stood in the stalls of the market place, were mightily pleased with the writings of Tom Trim and said, "Behold the high and mighty people of the land are brought down, and are mocked in the public places. And they rejoiced with great joy. And the fame of "Tom Trim" spread throughout the land, increasing daily. Now, these are the chronicles of "the Book of Trim," and these chronicles are true and right, but the end is not yet.

SEALAH. Charlottetown, 28th February.

DOWN IN FLORIDA.

A New Brunswick in Jacksonville Writes of His Impressions.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 25th.—Although the almanac reads February, it is hard for one used to its chilly northern blasts to realize that such is the name of the month, for, here in Florida we are enjoying the perfect days of June, while other parts of the country are having sad experiences with blizzards, northerly cyclones, etc. For the last month we have had the most beautiful weather imaginable; the sky never seemed bluer, nor the songs of the birds sweeter. The city is full of tourists and invalids and the hotel men are happy. The season is just at its height, the great rush beginning when Lent came in; every steamer from New York brings long lists of passengers, and all incoming trains are crowded.

Jacksonville is the distributing point for the tourist travel of the state, and the headquarters from which excursions are planned. Previous to the yellow fever epidemic of 1888, a great many families were content to winter here, but now they go further south and spend only a few days in Jacksonville, going and coming. The city has never fully recovered from the effects of the epidemic, notwithstanding all that property owners say to the contrary. Numbers of people went away who never returned, and one has only to look at the vacant houses to know that it is but too true. Still the sky is just as blue, the songs of the birds as sweet, the air as balmy, and they delight the senses of the invalid and tourist just as much as before the epidemic. Invalids of all kinds and in all stages of various diseases are to be met with on the streets and in the hotels, wheeled about in chairs and reclining in hammocks on the broad piazzas. The most common disease is consumption and all its stages are represented. The most hopeless cases spend nine months of the year here and although they do not obtain a permanent cure they are greatly benefited and their days are lengthened. The majority, however, only spend four or five months and return in the spring with the birds. The various suburban resorts and places of amusements are well patronized and attract large crowds daily. The sub-tropical exposition perhaps draws the largest crowd and has something new on the boards every week. The Rev. Sam Jones is the chief attraction just now, and is making himself extremely popular by his eloquence and wit. Boating parties on the lovely St. John's and excursions to Mayport, Burnside and Pablo beaches, Palatka and other places are the order of the day. The most popular excursion is the one to Palatka. The steamer leaves Jacksonville at 8 a. m., and, after rounding the curve on which the city is built, goes south for 75 miles, passing on the way several landings. The first of any note is Mandarin, where, among grand old oaks and orange trees, is the home of Mrs. H. B. Stowe. At Green Cove Springs the river widens into a lake five miles broad, and here is situated quite a thriving little town; after passing it no other town of any size is seen until Palatka, the "Princess of the river" is reached at 1 o'clock. After stopping here half an hour for dinner the steamer retraces her way homeward, and Jacksonville is reached at 6 o'clock.

I have already taken up too much space and will now close, but, after I visit St. Augustine and a few other places, you will hear again from a TRAVELLER.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS with our guarantee sent to any address.

THE DAYS OF LANERGAN.

PRICE WEBBER HEARS FROM AN OLD LYCEUM ACTRESS.

Plays That Were Favorites, and Those who Acted Them—Amusing Incidents That Occurred During the Performance of "British Born"—Some Popular Songs.

Lore's Sacrifice is a standard drama of the old school class of plays, and it was generally used by Mr. Lanergan as an opening bill for his different seasons, for the reason that all of the characters require very good performers, and shows the company to advantage. It has not been played much of late years, the combination system now in vogue superseding it, and where one part is as good as the other, there is no great chance for a "star" to make a powerful impression. No particular scenic effects are necessary, the piece altogether depending on the interest of the plot and dialogues. The cast was as follows:

- Matthew Elmore.....J. W. Lanergan
Paul Lafont.....T. Book
St. Louis.....L. F. Rand
Jean Rose.....W. Scallan
Eugene DeLorme.....H. Crisp
Da'Vray.....J. S. De Bony
Morlie.....H. R. Lampe
Margaret Elmore.....Lizzie Anderson
Hermine de Vipont.....Mary Sherlock
Lizzie Anderson was the wife of George Ketchum, well remembered as a popular Boston Museum actor, and the lady was a very fine actress in what are known as leading heavies. Frank Rand was an excellent light comedian, and is still acting in the United States.

Rob Roy is a play that is always welcome to the Scotch, and it abounds in Scotch music and songs. The plot follows the well known novels of Sir Walter Scott, and "Baillie Nichol Jarvie," "Rob Roy," "The Douglas," and "Major Galbrath," are distinct types of character. When I saw the piece it was played by the following members of the Lyceum company:

- Rob Roy McGregor.....W. H. Whalley
Rashleigh Osbaldiston.....J. Taylor
Frances Osbaldiston.....R. Crashaw
Baillie Nichol Jarvie.....J. B. Fether
Major Galbrath.....J. W. Lanergan
The Douglas.....W. F. Cutter
Mr. Owen.....H. R. Lampe
Sir Frederick Vernon.....E. L. Farwell
Helen McGregor.....E. E. Holmes
Capt. Thornton.....Rachael Johnson
Diana Vernon.....Lizzie Fiske
Mattie.....Mrs. Browne

The songs and choruses are excellent, among them being: "Soon the Sun will go to Rest;" "A Famous Man was Robin Hood;" "A Highland Lad my Love was Born;" "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose;" "The I leave you now in sorrow;" "Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonnie Doon;" "Hark! from St. Mungo's Tower;" "The Lament;" "Auld Lang Syne;" and "Pardon now the Bold Outlaw."

Of the above cast, Mr. W. H. Whalley was a fine actor, being then the leading man of the New York Bowers Theatre.

Mr. Crashaw was a magnificent singer, as well as being a good actor,—he is also the author of the well-known song "A Hundred Fathoms Deep."

Miss Rachael Johnson was afterwards the wife of Mr. Macauley, and she was one of the best actresses that ever graced the boards. Lizzie Fiske was the wife of the comedian, M. W. Fiske, and was a charming vocalist.

Rob Roy is as distinctly Scotch as British Born is English, and both appeal powerfully to nationality. Speaking of British Born reminds me that three seasons ago, when playing it in one of the towns on my route, an amusing incident happened. The actor who was playing the part of the "Governor of Bolivia" got rather mixed in one of his speeches. It was in the place where he says: "Here, where martial law reigns, I am omnipotent."

He then exits, and it is usually followed by a round of applause. In the case I refer to, however, instead of speaking the lines I have quoted, he said: "Here, where martial law reigns, I am—I am—he could not think of the word 'omnipotent,' and so finished by saying: 'all here!'"

Just as he said this, his sword became entangled between his legs, and he fell, sprawling on the floor, and a fellow in the audience yelled out: "Guess not!—you are all there!"

A perfect roar followed this sally, in which the company heartily joined.

A beautiful drama, by Watt Phillips, entitled Maud's Peril, was another great success at the Lyceum, and it was finally played by the following cast:

- Sir Ralph Challenger.....L. P. Roys
Gerald Gwynne.....H. Crisp
Toby Taperley.....Shirley France
Barrill.....S. H. Fosbery
Lady Maud Challenger.....Rachel Noah
Katie Sefton.....Susie Cluer
Susan Taperley.....Louisa Morse

sure whether I am still acting. Now, I would like to let you know that I have been constantly engaged every season since I played in St. John. I am now, and have been for the past five years, with Mr. Deunam Thompson, playing in the Old Homestead. This is our fourth year in New York city. I often think of St. John, the many pleasant days I passed there, and the many friends I made there; and hope to revisit it again some day not far distant. Yours, truly, Mrs. LOUISA MORSE.

Mrs. Morse may rest assured that she is still remembered with pleasure, and will be most warmly received when she again appears in St. John. She is now playing "Aunt Matilda Whitcomb," the principal female character in the piece she refers to—The Old Homestead, the run of which has been something phenomenal in dramatic history. H. PRICE WEBBER.

IN AMERICA'S CAPITAL.

New Brunswickers to the Front in the United States.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 28.—Names are often misnomers but not so the cognomen of PROGRESS, and in my home it finds a welcome, is read and commented upon, favorably, not only by the native of New Brunswick (myself), but by others who have only the most misty idea of that province and its busy, harbor city. I have often felt impelled to extend to my personal greeting and now avail myself of an opportunity.

It is many years since I first saw light of day in New Brunswick and I as little thought, with my advancing boohood, that I should one day find myself temporarily employed in Washington as the Editor of PROGRESS, whose name is familiar to me, ever expected to settle in the fog, ridden city of St. John, the editor of a fearless, critical, independent, progressive newspaper, but ordinary mortals are not gifted with second sight, and "life is only a game of whist."

Would it interest you to take a momentary view of Washington, as it appears through my glasses, in these last days of the 51st congress?—a congress made remarkable by unusual events, including the arbitrary ruling—not to say gag laws—of Speaker Reed, who hails from the border state; the passage of the McKinley tariff bill, which claims as full a share of discussion in Canada as in the United States; the attempted passage of the elections bill, that unhonored child of one of the brilliant sons of Massachusetts, by name, Henry Cabot Lodge.

At this date the city is filled with women—old women, young women, middle-aged women, women suffragists, temperance women and literary women, and they all seem impressed with one idea—they are clamoring for their "rights" and bound to win. I admit my prejudice to jostling against women in the ranks of voters and law makers. I retain many of the old-fashioned notions as to woman's life—"women's sphere"—and feel that her opportunities for wielding her influence in the home-life should satisfy and content, but I am forced to the conclusion that they are gaining ground—they are becoming a power in the land and they have accomplished much good. It was no vain boast that Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, made night, that the women of Kansas defeated John J. Ingalls in his late canvass for reelection to the United States senate, for undoubtedly they did; but it will be many years before his equal sits in that chamber again as a representative of the Kansas people. He is a man of broad mind, a student, a diplomat, a finished orator, and a dignified gentleman of polished manner, who graced the presiding chair of the senate, and who was respected alike by both political parties for the even-handed justice that characterized all of his decisions, but the people of Kansas declared him wanting, in that he failed to represent them, did nothing in their interest, and ignored their wishes. It was from this standpoint that Mrs. Lease criticized him at length and harshly, at the same time securing to herself the unlimited applause of "Jerry" Simpson, the member elect from Kansas, who was a New Brunswick boy. Mrs. Lease then directed her discourse against capitalists, and assured her audience that they proposed to fight the capitalists from the "banks of Wall street to the gates of hell." Yes, unquestionably, the women are gaining ground, and one has only to visit Washington during the session of the women suffragists' annual council to fully appreciate that fact; at least such is the opinion of M. ALBERT.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN.

Dear Sir,— This is to certify that I have suffered intensely from RHEUMATISM in my ankles for over twelve years, and I take great pleasure in stating that two applications of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM immediately relieved me, and one bottle entirely cured me. ELIZABETH MANN, Stanley St., City Road.

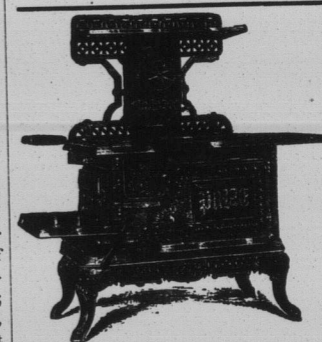
SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM is prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John, N. B. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. Wholesale by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDonald, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simon Bros. & Co., and Forestry, Stoddards & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q. Write for pamphlet of people we know, who have been cured by Scott's Cure.

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Who want what they must have and cannot get along without—one of our Boy's Suits is just what they want for wear and service. We've opened 300 Boys' SUITS, for Boys all sizes and ages, at all prices. If you're buying, or looking, go to the OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, and see what they've got.

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Unless the Kitchen is properly equipped, inasmuch as well-cooked food aids digestion, and proper digest gives tone to the system, making all comfortable and content. The first step in securing this result is a

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TABLE CUTLERY, POCKET CUTLERY, RAZORS, SCISSORS, ETC. ELECTRO-PLATED WARE. TABLE WARE, CHILDREN'S PRESENTS, WEDDING PRESENTS. A large assortment of Articles—great and small. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 & 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Comfort round the House is a good girl—along with a good stove. Everybody can have a good stove, but it's next to impossible to get a good girl. The Model Grand is the stove you want for your kitchen. If you move this Spring don't take the old stove along, COLES, PARSONS & SHARP will attend to that, and furnish you with a nice new Model Grand.

Children want KERR'S Girls want KERR'S Boys want KERR'S Ladies want KERR'S Everbody wants KERR'S KERR'S CONFECTIONERY. PICTURE FRAMES We would say! HAVING secured the services of one of the best Gliders and Moulders in the Frame line in the United States we are prepared to execute all orders in the Gold, Antique, Florentine, Firenze and Combination patterns—dime frames being made without jointed corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ none but skilled workmen, as well as the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of fine Mats and Mounts. We can give our patrons frames of the finest woods used, including Cypress, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hazel, Tulip, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive the prompt attention of S. L. GORRELL, Manager GORRELL ART STORES, 27 Union Street, Opere House Block.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Although we have been very quiet lately in our musical circles I am glad to say that I hear of quite a number of entertainments which are to come off in this month, and in the Easter holidays. These combined with the Easter church practices will keep us poor choir people pretty busy for some time to come.

Last week a portion of the St. John's church choir, assisted by other talent, gave a concert in aid of the Springhill sufferers which was very well patronized. I was unable to attend myself, but heard what it passed off remarkably well. I had heard most of the selections beforehand, and can safely say that it must have been a most enjoyable programme. Mr. J. S. Ford contemplates giving an organ recital on either the 17th or 18th of this month. I do not think that the date is quite decided as yet. Among the selections are the following: Adagio, E. H. Turpin; Grand Offertoire, Batisse; Chopin's 2nd Nocturne Pastorale, Wely; G. Minor Fugue, Bach; Andante variations, Hayden; Allegretto and Finale from 4th Sonata, Mendelssohn. March, "Silver trumpets" Rimbault, Christmas offertorium, J. S. Ford.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published a song by Mr. Ford, entitled, "Pretty Little Maidens Mine." It is written for a soprano voice. The concert in St. Stephen's church, on the 10th of this month, gives promise of being a treat. The Philharmonic club will assist, and some of our best local talent, including Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. MacIntyre, (nee Dunn) Miss Jennie Young, Mr. Titus, Mr. Daniel and others. One of the concerted things to be sung is "Schubert's Serenade" for six female voices.

I believe it is quite decided that we are to lose Mr. Daniel, as he has accepted an engagement to sing in some church in Boston, the name of which I am sorry to say I have forgotten, but it is wherever Mr. H. Dow is organist. Mr. Daniel leaves on the 1st of April, but he will sing in St. John church the remainder of his stay in the city. And now the emergency quartette will have to look out for another bass.

Next Monday evening is the annual meeting of the Oratorio society, when officers will be selected for the ensuing year. After this meeting the rule that the ladies are to pay a fee of \$1 a year will come in force. The pictures of Beethoven and Mendelssohn were on view last Monday evening, and were greatly admired by the members of the society. Work is progressing rapidly on Romberg's Lay of the Bell which increases in favor with every rehearsal. I think it has been almost decided to have the entertainment and musicale in St. James' Sunday school, on the Wednesday following Easter, so as not to clash with the Church of England institute sale, which will be on Thursday in Easter week, and will probably have a musical programme in connection with it.

The people of St. John's Presbyterian church, assisted by friends, gave a nice little concert on Tuesday evening last and raised about \$50 for the Springhill sufferers.

"The Parish Notes" of St. John's church was published this week, and the doings of the choir are duly commented on in one of its columns.

I give way to the election now; it has driven all else from the field this week, and I, with others, must submit. TARRANT.

A Parlor Concert in Fredericton. FREDERICTON, Mar. 3.—A very enjoyable parlor concert, in aid of the Springhill widows and orphans, was held on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. David Hatt. An excellent programme was presented, the various numbers being announced by Mr. C. H. B. Fisher.

Mrs. Lemont sang "Old Murie" with her usual sweetness, while Mrs. Fisher's selection, "Home, Dearie, Home," was new to many of her audience. It is a charming little song for a mezzo-soprano. Words by Matherley, and the setting by Molloy.

Miss Luginr sang Meyer Helmuud's "Marguerita," and Miss Emma Shenton gave a pleasing rendition of "La Zingarella," by Campana, although suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. Duff sang a fine bass solo, and "The song that reached my heart," was well rendered by Mrs. Luginr.

Mr. Racey gave "One sweetly solemn thought" with much expression, and Mr. Duncan, of Marysville, a rollicking ditty about a worthy named McCarthy. The accompaniment to this was one of the real old Irish jigs.

Miss Johnston, who has just finished a course at the Toronto conservatory, played an "Impromptu" by Chopin, and Miss Binley a violin solo, "Keine Valse."

A duet by Miss Blanche Tibbitts (mandolin) and Miss Ethel Hatt (guitar) met with great applause and had to be repeated.

The amateur orchestra, which has been lately organized, contributed three numbers to the programme. They played well, and the closing galop was especially good.

It is quite probable that you may need the services of a physician some day; but you can postpone the time indefinitely by keeping your blood pure and your system invigorated through the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prevention is better than cure.—Advt.

The concert was a great success, and upwards of \$60 was realized. I hear rumors of other concerts, which will come off in the near future. One is announced for the 14th. It is to be in the city hall, and the children's chorus numbers over 100.

"KAYE."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Bijou opens Monday night with an entire new company, with the exception of Jim Curran, who seems to be looked upon as a permanent fixture. Even Professor De Lorme is no more. The Bijou patrons all know "the professor," although he never appeared on the stage. He sometimes took a turn at the piano, however, and those in the back seats who, perhaps, could not see him, always knew he was there by the expression of disgust on the faces of the performers who had to act and sing to his music.

The trip to Fredericton and Calais was a success, although in the capital the elections monopolized everything. At Calais, however, the company got a grand reception, and made a big thing of it.

An amusing incident occurred while the company was at Fredericton. Prof. Ashley's company, which it will be remembered, showed at Berryman's hall some time ago, had been giving performances at the capital, selling medicine, pulling teeth, and doing a number of other things too numerous to mention. When the Bijou company opened there, Prof. Ashley's "stars" were on hand, and being professionals, were admitted to the show free. They apparently enjoyed it immensely until Prof. Blatt came on to do the heavy lifting, and made his stereotyped request for "any gentleman, professional or amateur, in the audience, to come on the stage and put up the dumb bells." The invitation was not accepted. The next day, however, the little fellow in Ashley's company, who balances anything from a plow to a piece of paper, on his chin, met Blatt on the street and wanted blood. He claimed that he was the "professional" referred to in the invitation, and that Blatt was trying to injure his reputation. The difference in the size of the two men had something to do with the peacefulness of Fredericton until the show left town.

Mr. Mackay is endeavoring to make dates with Atkinson & Cooke's minstrels, an organization which is said to have a good reputation. They have a full brass band and a number of new features. If arrangements can be made, Mr. Mackay will take them to Fredericton, Calais and perhaps other provincial towns.

Breaking horsehoes seems to be all the rage, now-a-days, and the boys think it isn't as hard a feat as might be supposed. Hugh McCarty, who looks after the gallery gods at the Bijou, called at the office the other day, with half a horsehoe in each pocket. It was one of Prof. Blatt's, which McCarty found on the stage and pulled at with his bare hands until, to his surprise, he found it was made of iron.

Several Special Prizes valued at \$10.00 to \$30.00 will be given each day to the person in Canada from whom is received the best list of English words (of not less than three letters) formed from letters contained in the two words "Ladies Newspaper." This offer is made to the publishers of a large, 32 page, four column journal, edited by women, for the intelligent women of Canada. Over two hundred valuable prizes are offered in addition to the above extra special prizes given daily. All fortunate enough to secure a prize in this competition will obtain a valuable one, as none other will be given.

This competition will be upon an entirely different plan from any before offered in Canada, in fact, after the styles of those introduced by leading English publishers, and will be conducted in the same honorable manner which has governed English Competitions.

The publishers of "The Ladies Newspaper" are not offering these competitions expecting to make any money from direct results, but will expend several thousand dollars in this manner for the purpose of introducing their journal.

The first object will be to make them strictly fair and impartial and establish an enviable reputation for the publication itself. Persons desiring to enter the competition may start at once, but send your address on a postal card and receive a free sample copy with full particulars. Address THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Canada.

During a discussion of religious topics young Brown said—"I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither will man. There is no difference between man and beast," and good old Jones mildly replied—"If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."—Ex.

As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or griness.—Advt.

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a specific for colds, coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs. For nearly half a century it has been in greater demand than any other remedy for pulmonary complaints. All druggists have it for sale.—Advt.

The high priced house as compared with that of the Bijou, it causes a smile. Mr. McCarty, the coming horsehoe breaker, is responsible for the order at the latter place; although he says he has to go against the law to do it. The ruling of the magistrate in the case brought before him, in which McCarty was fined for putting a man named Carney out of the hall, left the impression that so long as a man paid his money to see a show, he could stand up, sit down, or do anything he pleased. If the patrons of the Bijou gallery took this view of it, and imagined they had the law on their side, it is quite probable that there would be a more interesting performance in the gallery than that on the stage.

One of the attractions next week will be the Scots. They will have something new to St. John, in the way of shadowgraphs, introducing a naval battle.

The versatile Webster is in Maine doing a splendid business. Calais gave him good houses and the opening of the new opera house at Danforth afforded a week of successful and popular entertainment to the people. He played in Kingman, Me., four nights and is at Winn now; Lincoln next week and Har Harbor, March 14-21.

ROUGH ON THE OLD MAN.

He Lost His Bet, but Saved the Countess in the Story.

Aime Millet, the French sculptor who died a few weeks ago, was a habitue of the Divan Lepelleier, a Bohemian club in Paris frequented by artists, authors, and club men. His best friend in the long edited the feuilleton in the Patrie. The two men had a standing engagement to meet at the club every evening shortly before dinner. One evening when Duplessis was late Millet strode impatiently up and down the reception room, striking his hands before and behind him, and eagerly eyeing his watch every five minutes. Finally Duplessis arrived, forty-five minutes late. Millet sprang to him and caught him by both shoulders.

"What's the matter?" ejaculated the novelist.

"A question," answered Millet. "My father reads your serial novel in the Patrie with tremendous care and interest. Yesterday you left the countess in a most critical position. She had fallen into an ambush of those who were intent on getting her out of the way. Must she really die?"

"Yes," answered Duplessis, "she must die. She will be killed with a dagger thrust by the Corsican Assassin."

Millet dropped into a chair, struck his fist on the table, and exclaimed:

"I have no luck—no luck at all."

"But what has that to do with my countess?" asked the novelist.

"Everything," my father bet with me that the countess would die. I took his bet, because I thought you would be obliged to rescue her from her perilous position so as to use her in the rest of the story."

"How much did you bet?"

"Ten louis d'or."

"The devil you did! That's too much."

"Yes, yes, too much, and I with all my debts," wailed Millet. "Can't you help me?"

Duplessis reflected a minute, looked at his watch, and said:

"It is nine o'clock. The page on which my story appears goes to press in half an hour. If we hurry we may reach the office in time to save the Countess."

In an instant Millet was in the street shouting for a cab, and Duplessis was close behind him. Both men were hatless. The cab came, they jumped in, and drove off like mad to the office of the Patrie. They arrived there at the last minute. The section of the novel prepared for the next day was hastily withdrawn and a harmless African story was shoved into its place.

Duplessis worked all night saving the Countess, and appeared on the following afternoon at the Patrie office with a revised edition of the next chapters of his novel. The Countess had been saved, and with her Millet's ten louis d'or.—N. Y. Sun.

All for a Postal Card. Several Special Prizes valued at \$10.00 to \$30.00 will be given each day to the person in Canada from whom is received the best list of English words (of not less than three letters) formed from letters contained in the two words "Ladies Newspaper." This offer is made to the publishers of a large, 32 page, four column journal, edited by women, for the intelligent women of Canada. Over two hundred valuable prizes are offered in addition to the above extra special prizes given daily. All fortunate enough to secure a prize in this competition will obtain a valuable one, as none other will be given.

This competition will be upon an entirely different plan from any before offered in Canada, in fact, after the styles of those introduced by leading English publishers, and will be conducted in the same honorable manner which has governed English Competitions.

The publishers of "The Ladies Newspaper" are not offering these competitions expecting to make any money from direct results, but will expend several thousand dollars in this manner for the purpose of introducing their journal.

The first object will be to make them strictly fair and impartial and establish an enviable reputation for the publication itself. Persons desiring to enter the competition may start at once, but send your address on a postal card and receive a free sample copy with full particulars. Address THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Canada.

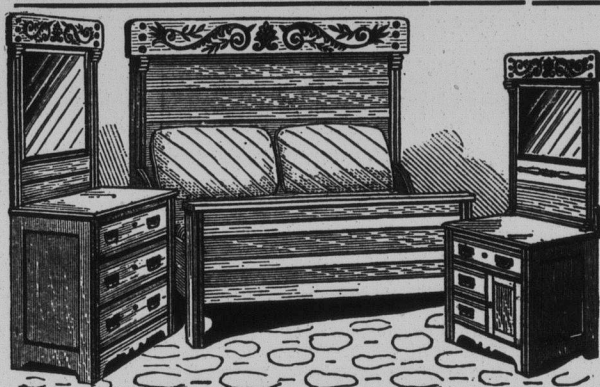
During a discussion of religious topics young Brown said—"I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death, neither will man. There is no difference between man and beast," and good old Jones mildly replied—"If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."—Ex.

As soon as you discover any falling of the hair or grayness always use Hall's Hair Renewer to tone up the secretions and prevent baldness or griness.—Advt.

HAROLD GILBERT, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN CARPETS, FURNITURE, and BEDDING.

You can get a general outfit of Household Furnishings in my establishment, from the lowest grades to the highest grades in the market, at prices that sell rapidly, when compared with other competitors in the same line. Assortments complete in every Department.

At 54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.



A FEW SETS LEFT.

Will you have one? They're going to be sold at once, and cheap too. If you want one see quick about it.

C. E. REYNOLDS, 101 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Featherbone Corsets

THE long-felt want of Corsets boned with a material that is absolutely impossible to break, and which no amount of wear will make limp, is overcome by the ingenious invention of Featherbone.

While being perfectly unbreakable these Corsets impart the greatest comfort and support to the wearer, are of exquisite design, and give a graceful symmetry to the figure.

In the following qualities and colors: Retail Prices

"IMPERIAL," in drab \$1.00

"EMERALD," in Ecru, \$1.00

"MONTROSE," in white, \$1.25

"PEERESS," in drab, \$1.25

"EXQUISITE," in drab, \$1.50

—AND—

"BRIDAL," in White, \$1.50

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Trade supplied at lowest prices.

!!! New "Warren Hose Supporter," patent for 1890

A rounded RIB which CANNOT destroy the thinnest hose. The WARREN is the latest and best in use. !!!

About Shaking Hands. "The latest way of shaking hands," said a howling swell, "is purely English in origin. The arm is bent at the elbow, but the wrist is rigid and the hand is turned inward nearly touching the chest. The fingers are kept stiff and close together, and the pressure is very slight. The hands hardly meet before they separate, and it is very vulgar to shake hands for more than a few seconds at the most. It requires practice to do this in pure form, and I had to study my motions in a mirror for more than an hour before I could accomplish it. Now, however, I am perfect."—N. Y. Sun.

Simply Monstrous.

"From the Sunday Globe, Boston, Mass., Oct. 19, '90." "Jimminy Cricket's ain't that a big 'un!" was the exclamation heard from some youngsters on Boylston street, a few afternoon since, as the writer stood conversing with a gentleman near the Albany railroad bridge not far from the junction of West Chester Park and Boylston street. The cause for the boys' surprise was found to be an announcement upon a long bill-board, lately erected for a famous electrical company, opposite from where we were standing. A few minutes observation convinced us that the boys were not the only persons attracted to this enormous spread of matter. The board is the very largest in the world, and the amount of paper used to cover it would make the fortune of every Italian Count rag-picker upon the streets of Boston. Laborers stopped, horse cars stopped, pedestrians halted in wonderment, as Mr. J. W. Black, Boston's old, well known photographer focused his famous thousand dollar, wide angled lens upon the great bill-board, to obtain by the sun's mysterious chemical force an enduring photograph of the statements and familiar legends thereon. Among the chief of which was the following: "It holds the fort while Old Ned Prouty is away." "Every mother should have it in the house for Autumn colds, soreness, lameness in body or limb." "Think of it, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment unlike any other was originated by an old family physician in 1810" without real merit, could it have survived for eighty years?" These in bold letters, after all, it is their forcible, persistent, courageous style of advertising which has made them successful, until they are now classed among the foremost advertisers of the day.

As the days grow longer the sun grows stronger, and the wet and slush that follows are the sure forerunners of cold in the head. Nasalm instantly relieves and permanently cures.

Wife (looking up from a book)—"What do you think of this? In the time of Ptolemy a wife was always given full control of her husband's property." Husband—"Y-e-s; but in those days the fashions never changed."—Ex.

Good Night.

"Good night," the trembling lassie fell And softly kissed her satin cheek: He felt her beauty's magic spell: "Good night" was all he dared to speak.

And yet her manner had been kind, Her eyes had beamed with friendly light; But he no further could find: "Good night" was all he dared to say.

And as he homeward took his way With this bright hope his heart was light: "I may no longer need to say: The parting words to her: "Good night!" —Cape Cod Item.

For sale—Chair Case, long selected. Dural 242 Union street.

Poisoning in India.

The Bengal police have published the following extraordinary warning to passengers at all the stations on the Eastern Bengal railway: "Passengers are hereby cautioned against taking anything to eat or drink from unknown persons, as there are many who live by poisoning travellers."

"They first of all court acquaintance with passengers in an inn or some other place, and then gain their confidence on the plea of being fellow-travellers going to the same place."

"When they reach a place convenient for the purpose, they poison the water or food of the passengers, who become insensible, and then they decamp with all their property."

"They also at times poison the passengers' water when being drawn out of wells, or sweetmeats brought from the bazaar or food when being cooked."

First Catch His.

If anyone has a house that is overrun with rats he can get rid of them in a very cheap and simple manner. Catch a full-grown rat in a wire cage, then tie a little bell about his neck and let him go.

There are no living creatures so timid as rats. They will flee from the rat with the bell, and within two days you will not find a rat on your premises.

You may hear, however, of a haunted house somewhere else in the neighborhood, where the mysterious tinkling of a bell is heard in the walls at the dead of night.

Have Many Sisters.

Mrs. Porky—"I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France."

Mrs. Gotham—"How absurd!"

Mrs. Porky—"I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other."

Harper's Bazar.

Sir William Brown, a pompous sort of a man, proposing at a parish meeting, made some remarks which were objected to by a farmer.

"Sir, do you know that I have been to two Universities?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was the more he sucked the greater call he grew." Sir William never heard the last of that.—Ex.

As the days grow longer the sun grows stronger, and the wet and slush that follows are the sure forerunners of cold in the head. Nasalm instantly relieves and permanently cures.

Wife (looking up from a book)—"What do you think of this? In the time of Ptolemy a wife was always given full control of her husband's property." Husband—"Y-e-s; but in those days the fashions never changed."—Ex.

DYSPEPTICURE

THE PAMPHLET

on "Dyspepticure" gives the results of many years study on Diet and Diseases of Digestion; all interested in these subjects. Chronic Dyspeptics especially, should read this little book; it is wrapped around each bottle of the remedy, or will be promptly mailed to any address.

"Dyspepticure" is sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by Charles K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B.

For sale—Chair Case, long selected. Dural 242 Union street.

INSTRUCTION.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

HARRY PEPPEL, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

Visiting Cards written in a style not excelled by any penman, like steel engraving, a pack of 50 cards only 60 cents. A boy or girl wanted to take orders, big pay. Sample book, 15 cents.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINNSBORO, N. S.

All our Departments: BUSINESS, TELEGRAPHY, SHORTHAND, and TYPE-WRITING, WILL RE-OPEN AFTER XMAS HOLIDAYS, ON Monday, Jan. 5th.

S. KERR, PRINCIPAL, Old-Fellows' Hall.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

THOSE WHO CIRCULAR SPECTACLES



Consult D. HARRIS, ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Garman St., St. John, N. B.

PROFESSIONAL.

J. E. HETHERINGTON, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 72 Sydney Street, corner Princess Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 481.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Corner Princess and Sydney Streets.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, Fredericton, N. B.

JOHN L. CARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Offices: 72 1/2 Prince Wm. Street (over D. C. Clinch, Banker), Saint John, N. B.

GERARD G. RUEL, (L.L.B. Harvard), BARRISTER, ETC., 8 Papeley's Building, St. John, N. B.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Duck St.

want what they must and cannot get along out-one of our Boy's suits is just what they want wear and service. We've made 300 Boys' Suits, for all sizes and ages, at all prices. If you're buying, or going to the OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, and see what we've got. SCOVILL, FRASER & CO., 100 King and Germain.

Household is Perfectly Happy

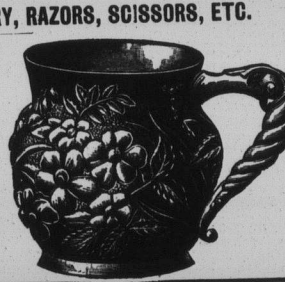
The Kitchen is properly equipped, inasmuch as it embraces a great variety of patterns from which to select, in many sizes and at all prices, with nothing to suit all comers. We guarantee every Range or Stove we sell to be perfect. We will refund the amount paid, and pay all

FIRST-CLASS COOK STOVE

And this we can supply. We stock embraces a great variety of patterns from which to select, in many sizes and at all prices, with nothing to suit all comers. We guarantee every Range or Stove we sell to be perfect. We will refund the amount paid, and pay all

Wm. Street. HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE. CUTLERY.

KNIVES, RAZORS, SCISSORS, ETC.



the House

along with a good body can have a lot of it's next to improve a good girl. The stove you use in your kitchen. If you don't take the trouble to get COLES, PARROT will attend to furnish you with a good one.

KERR'S KERR'S KERR'S KERR'S KERR'S PERFECTIONERY. FRAMES

Children and Mothers in the Frame line in the United States. In the Gold, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and Composite, the newest and latest patterns. Department, we employ none but skilled workmen. We can give our customers the most complete and reliable. Hazel Cyrena, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore. Send orders will receive the prompt attention of S. L. Street, Opera House Block.

SCHOOL REVIEWS.

Were Not Model School Boys.

Scott were both dilatory on occasions they would prove what they could do. He was a thorough enough to master the subjects he was given to teach. Coleridge, too, when at school, was much given to loafing. Balzac is a clear in-school failure. Instead of setting a proper boy to master the subjects he was given to teach, he indulged in day-dreaming, and went out of his way, too, to do on the Human Will, an irregularity which one of his masters naturally enough punished by committing the MS. to the flames. Perhaps, however, the typical instance of the stupidity of genius is Rousseau. He was a thorough dunce and knew it, though he tries to account for it by a hypersensitive nature.

Pope when at school showed his taste for riddling by lampooning his master. Addison is said to have run away from school after committing some breach of discipline. He was also the leader of a "barring out" at the grammar school to which he afterwards went. Southey, as is well known, was expelled from school for penning a spirited article on hogging in a school publication. Byron was stancher rebel against the scholastic powers. At Harrow, found the drudgeries of accurate scholarship intolerable, and was "ham forsooth rowing." The defiance by young genius of scholastic powers is well illustrated by the incident that Sterne relates out of his school life. The master, he tells us, "had the ceiling of the schoolroom new white-washed, and the ladder remained there. I one day, mounted it and wrote with a large capital letter, 'LAU.' an act for which the usher begged him, though (as Sterne) administered balm in the shape of a flattering

misericordant experiences at his in Hertfordshire are well known bitter invective against school in his poem, "Tirocinium." Goldsmith was a small, awkwardly-shaped and the unenviable distinction of out of the school. De Quincey, own himself a brilliant pupil at through such a doleful time of Chester Grammar School, that years, he ran off. Quite recently Anthony Trollope has given a number of testimonies in his of eminent men to the union they entertained of elastic institution. Besides the Cooper, there are the amusements of Heine in the "Reise-Is it possible that we have a record of ill-schooled have a number of testimonies in his of eminent men to the union they entertained of elastic institution. Besides the Cooper, there are the amusements of Heine in the "Reise-

Is it possible that we have a record of ill-schooled have a number of testimonies in his of eminent men to the union they entertained of elastic institution. Besides the Cooper, there are the amusements of Heine in the "Reise-

Most wretched men radled into poetry by wrong. learn in suffering what they can. terary, in his earlier writings, has his feeling of piety towards the house school, where he was educated. calling it Slaughterhouse. Shelley need to be referring to his experience in the lines—

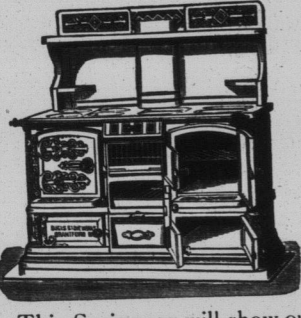
angling features of the winter's face I us of the quirks of human mind, the north-kirk breathes his keen-edged wind, liver-crusts the brook did yestreen race, bubbling, babbled 'neath its foamy lace, the swirling snowflakes seem combined brotherhood as if to flow embrace. yatic secret of the warm embrace.

Still on the Increase. will have to send me five more copies of news. Will get the right number after P.G.A.



LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP. Full Pound Indispensable in every well regulated family for all Household and Laundry purposes. Made only by WM. LOGAN ST. JOHN, N.B.

Wrought Iron Oven Range.



You can cook for 100 persons, or more with ease. Its operation is perfect, and it is guaranteed to be a quick and even baker. This magnificent Range has been specially made to meet a long-felt want, as one which is suitable for large families, restaurants, hotels, boarding schools, hospitals, etc.

This Spring we will show our friends and customers the finest lot of STOVES AND RANGES, ever shown in this city, and at prices so low that anyone can afford to have a new one. Old stoves taken in part payment for new ones.

SHERATON & SELPRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. Telephone No. 358. OPPOSITE THE ROYAL HOTEL.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. ECONOMICAL. SOLUBLE. EASILY DIGESTED. Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

WHAT YOU WANT!

- *ADMIRATION. *CROWN OF GOLD. *EAGLE (WHITE AND GOLDEN). *GLOBE. *BUDA. *DIAMOND. *FIVE ROSES. *HUNGARIAN OGI-VIES. *GRITZ. *BROWN BREAD FLOUR. *GRAHAM FLOUR.

78 SYDNEY STREET, NEAR PRINCESS.

RUBBER CLOTHING! FOR GENTLEMEN.

FOR LADIES. The finest qualities of CLOTH SURFACE CLOAKS, with Capes.

BEST QUALITIES OF AMERICAN RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES. ESTEY & CO., 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

SEE YOURSELF AS IN A MIRROR

In a suit of Clothes that become you, that fit you, that you like, that everybody likes. Custom made Clothes, all ready to try on—all sizes, no misfits.

THOMAS YOUNGCLAUS, 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

St. John—South End.

On Thursday last week Mrs. W. H. Thorne gave a lunch at her residence, Wellington row, at which principally old ladies were present. The appointments of the table, as well as the good things provided, were severally admired and enjoyed by those present.

Dr. Bayard entertained a few gentlemen and lady friends at dinner on Friday last, at his residence, Germain street. The dinner was a very elegant one and the floral decorations most tasteful.

An afternoon at home for ladies only was given by Mrs. John McAvity, on Friday last, at her residence, Leinster street, which was a very pleasant gathering of friends. Light refreshments were provided for the guests.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Troop gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Fellows. Covers were laid for sixteen, most of those present being old friends of the guests of the evening. The pretty and novel idea of a pink dinner was carried out in every detail, the dinner service being of pink china, while the table was decorated with a profusion of pink roses. The whole effect was most pleasing to the eye, and the dinner itself most recherche.

Mrs. Robert Crookshank entertained a number of lady friends at a parlor entertainment at her residence, Sydney street, on Friday last. Another exciting hockey match was played at the palace rink on Tuesday evening, in the presence of a large gathering of the friends of the players. This match was between the bankers and some of the late students of Lennoxville college. Unlike the previous game, the bankers came off victorious, beating their opponents 7 to 1. The latter team consisted of Messrs. Short, Thomson, Wilson, McLean, Mackay, DeVeber and Baxter. The collegians were Messrs. McLeod, D. and W. Fair-I bear of another match to be played next week which the public will have an opportunity of witnessing, as it will be in aid of the Springhill sufferers.

Miss Pat Robinson, who has been visiting Mrs. Foyers at Fredericton, returned home this week. Miss Winslow, (Woodstock), has been visiting St. John for the last few weeks, the guest of Mrs. C. M. Bostwick, Carmarthen street.

The bells of Trinity church have tolled a solemn peal three times this week, calling together the friends and relatives of three of the oldest citizens of St. John. The funeral of Mrs. McGrath, whose death occurred on Friday last from paralysis of the brain, took place on Monday and was attended by many sorrowing friends. The quantity of floral tributes which entirely covered the casket testified to the esteem in which she was held. Mrs. McGrath although in her 8th year was up to a few weeks of death most active and energetic.

The death of Mrs. Price occurred at her residence, Queen square, on Monday last, after a long and very trying illness, in the 90th year of her age. The funeral services were held in Trinity church on Wednesday. The floral tributes were many in number. Two daughters survive her, Miss M. E. Price and Mrs. Ira Corwin, who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

The funeral of Mr. Charles Patton took place in Trinity church yesterday afternoon and was very largely attended. Mr. Patton, although in his 91st year, was, until ten days previous to his death, hale and hearty, and his familiar form will be much missed in St. John. He leaves a widow, one son and a daughter.

The funeral of another prominent citizen takes place at half-past two today, Hon. Edward Willis, postmaster of this city, whose death occurred on Thursday morning, at an early hour. A widow and eight children survive him, for whom much sympathy is felt.

The news of the death of Mr. William Thomson, which reached here on Wednesday morning from Asheville, N. C., adds another to the list of St. John's old citizens. Mr. Thomson, who died in the 7th year of his age, was the senior partner of the well-known shipping firm of Wm. Thomson & Co. He resided here for about eight years ago, and has been since travelling abroad. He was twice married, and leaves a widow and two sons and three daughters by his first wife. They are, Mrs. James Robertson, Mrs. Allison Wishart, Mrs. A. O. Crookshank, and Messrs. Robert and John Thomson. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson left on Monday last for Bermuda, where they intend spending a few weeks, and the news of their father's death reached them while at New York.

The residence of Mr. V. H. White, No. 36 Coburg street, has, I understand, been purchased by Mr. Fred. Sayre. Mr. and Mrs. V. S. White will, in the spring, occupy the handsome residence built by Dr. White, on the corner of Princess and Sydney streets.

Mr. Price will remove in May to Dr. Harding's residence on Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Turner will leave St. John early in the spring on account of Mr. Turner's ill health. The house on Germain street, where they now reside, has been taken by Mr. Thomas Temple.

I hear of three weddings coming off immediately after Easter. Two of the ladies, I am sorry to say, will make their homes far away from St. John.

Trinity church has within the past week lost three of the oldest members of its congregation, Mr. Charles Patton, Mr. Edmund A. Price and Mrs. John McGrath, all of whom were most regular attendants at the services, during their life time, and whose familiar figures will be much missed by the congregation. Mrs. Price leaves only two children living out of a large family, Miss Price and Mrs. Ira Corwin, and her grandson is the sixth generation of her family who have worshipped in Trinity church. Mr. Price was also a member of the choir of Trinity church, during the time he resided here. The family removed from here to New York, where Mr. Price died in 1857.

Miss Carrie Fairweather is expected home from New York next week, where she has spent a most enjoyable three months.

It was quite an interesting gathering of little folk that assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Vincent, Queen street, Wednesday afternoon, to celebrate the fifth birthday of their daughter Mammie. From 4 to 7 o'clock the children made merry, only passing in their glances to partake of refreshments, which were abundantly supplied. Miss Mammie received a number of pretty presents from her little friends. Among the children present were the following:—Florrie and Nanie Hart, Lottie Hamilton, Florrie Eastington, Lena and Jennie Dunlop, Hattie Vincent, Madge Beggs, Elma March, Bowman Fisher, John Marsh, Arthur Burns.

St. John—West End.

Mrs. T. B. Millidge, of the East End, was the guest for a short time this week of Mrs. J. Steves, Lancaster Heights, en route to Fredericton to join a party of friends going south.

I hear that Mrs. Coy will occupy, on the 1st of May, the large and comfortable house on Watson street, which was some years ago the residence of the Rev. Mr. Dowling.

Miss Kate Murphy, who has been visiting at the East End, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Byron G. Mrs. Isaac Olive, sr., expects to leave in a few days for Boston to visit her son, Mr. Percy Olive, who is doing business there.

Miss Mabel Thompson, who has been quite poorly, is able to be out again.

Among the many weddings on the tapis for the early spring, I hear of that of a young commission merchant whose engagement to a fair and lovely songstress was announced some months ago; also that our popular young newspaper man will about the same time take a trip to New Jersey on very important business, viz: to lead to hymen's altar

the beautiful daughter of a presbyterian clergyman, now residing there. After the usual wedding tour is over they will reside at the West End, where they both have comfortable little dwellings.

Mrs. W. J. Clark, who has been confined to her home on Prince street for a few days, is able to be out again. Mr. Clark, however, is again confined to the home.

Miss Lou Cushing, who has been spending some weeks on Lancaster Heights, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andre Cushing, returned on Monday to her home in Moncton.

Mr. Rudman Allen is at present in Boston.

Mrs. James Gannon, of St. Stephen, has been paying a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Brittain, Ludlow street.

The many friends of the Rev. G. A. and Mrs. Hartley, will be sorry to hear that their eldest son is ill with scarlet fever.

Mr. John K. Taylor is housed with a bad cold. Miss Stubbs, who has been ill most all winter, has taken another cold, and is again confined to the house.

Mr. Edward Hickson returned from Sackville last week, where he has been for over a month on business.

Tomorrow will be Miss Wood's last Sunday as organist in the presbyterian church. Her many friends will be sorry to part with her. Miss Woods has been a faithful worker in the church. She as well as her sister will be much missed.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nelson go to the city in April, to live on Coburg street.

Mrs. James Lemon has joined the choir in St. George's church.

Mr. H. J. Olive has a young lady friend visiting her for a week or two.

Miss Scoboria has been confined to bed for the past week with a severe cold.

I believe Mr. Hunter's new and commodious house is to be occupied by Mr. D. W. Clark.

Mr. Ronald Clark, of St. George, is paying us a short visit this week.

Mr. A. C. Smith spent last week in Hampton.

St. John—North End.

Mr. Harry Miller was confined to the house last week with a bad cold.

Messrs. W. Roberts and W. Vazwart returned home on Saturday, having put in their first term at Bellevue medical college, New York. Messrs. W. Christie and W. Irvine, will return shortly.

The whist party met last week at the residence of Mrs. Fred Tapley, Douglas avenue. The first prize was won by Mrs. C. Miller and Mr. James Hamilton, and the booty prizes by Mrs. George Tapley and Mr. Hayford.

Miss Mary Shaw has been confined to the house for a few days past with a cold.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Olive have moved to the residence of Mrs. Barnhill, Douglas avenue this spring.

Mr. Hugh Stevens spent a few days in Marysville last week, the guest of Mrs. James Gibson.

There was a good attendance at the Holy-Armstrong assembly, Friday evening. Messrs. Holly and Armstrong have changed their ideas of having the series close in the institute, as was at first thought. They will close with a grand ball in the Temple hall early in April, the exact date of which will be announced later. The idea of having a grand ball in the institute is still in order, however, for the young men, if there are any enterprising enough to carry it through.

On Monday evening about a dozen couples drove in single file to Holly's boom house, South Bay, where an enjoyable dance was held.

Last evening a sleighing party, organized by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis, drove to Holly, South Bay. This was a sort of family reunion. About 20 in all were present, and enjoyed themselves. Everything was nicely arranged.

Misses M. Hayford, M. Nase and P. Tapley have issued invitations for a sleighing party on Friday evening.

On Friday evening, Miss Flewelling and Mrs. Bruce entertained a number of their friends at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Christie's, Main street. The older folks enjoyed themselves at progressive whist and euchre, while the young folks tripped the light fantastic in the rooms beneath. During the evening the card tables were converted into so many dining tables, and quickly laden with all the choice delicacies of the season. It was 3 a. m. before the party broke up. Mr. Christie, Mrs. Bruce and Miss Flewelling received in black silk, with lace trimmings; ornaments, black ostrich feathers and diamonds.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. Hayford, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riddick, Mr. and Mrs. B. Sancton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Humphrey, Dr. and Mrs. March, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. Nixon, Dr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. Brown, Mrs. F. Nase, Mr. and Mrs. F. Flewelling, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Devitt, Mr. and Mrs. G. Tapley, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray, Mrs. J. Horne, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. S. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Chesley, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wisely, Mrs. Sorel, Harold Cline; Miss Halliarton, Halifax; Misses Holly, Misses Tapley, Miss Mary Tapley, Miss Berlie White, Miss Lottie Bailey, Miss Julie Travis, Miss M. Hayford, Miss B. Harrison, Miss Chalmers, Miss Birdie Patton, Miss Mabel Smith, Miss Sarah Gregory, Misses Farmer, Miss Nellie Hawthorn, Miss Bessie Eagles, Miss Gerlie Macklin, Miss Gerlie Cleveland, Misses Shaw, Mrs. Louis Larocque, Miss Nellie McGivern, Miss Mamie Christie, Miss Nellie Vaughan, and Messrs. F. E. Sayre, H. Page, C. Ferguson, G. MacDonald, L. Tapley, A. Branscombe, R. Edgecombe, W. Holly, Riddick, J. Knight, R. Farmer, Walter Smith, B. Cleveland, A. Farmer, C. Tilley, J. Logan, F. Chalmers, H. Harrison, R. Olive, J. Dowling, A. Morrison, R. B. Travis, J. Eagles, R. Cowan, E. Reid and P. Gregory.

There is a progressive whist party at the residence of Mrs. Frank Flewelling this evening.

PEANUTS.

FREDERICTON.

(Peanuts is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.)

MAR. 4.—There is nothing thought of or talked about in any circle at present but the coming election. The ladies seem quite as much excited as the gentlemen, and instead of planning their spring suits and Easter bonnets, you hear them discussing the respective merits of restricted and unrestricted reciprocity with as much earnestness as their lords and masters.

The gallery at the City hall was crowded with the fair sex on Saturday evening to hear Hon. George E. Foster, and last evening to hear the premier of New Brunswick.

The only social event of importance during the last week was the parlor concert at the residence of Mr. David Hatt, Monday evening, and this was a grand success in every particular. The drawing room in which the concert was held was crowded, as well as the back room, lower hall and staircase. A fine programme was well carried out. (The particulars of which will be found on the third page.—Ed.) After the concert was over the performers were treated to ice cream and cake.

Fredericton has not been beheld hand in respecting to the call of the Spring Hill sufferers. There has already been about \$600 raised here.

A meeting of St. Paul's church congregation was held Monday evening to choose a pastor. The choice fell upon Rev. Mr. McGregor of Amherst, who preached in St. Paul's last Sunday. Rev. Mr.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

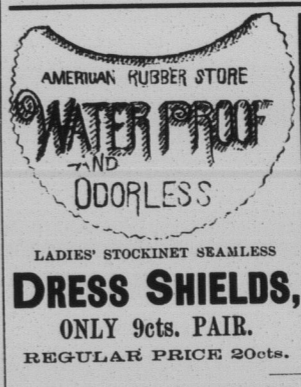
MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 and 63 KING STREET.

The Most Extensive Assortment OF LEADING AND FASHIONABLE DRESS FABRICS ARE NOW ON DISPLAY.

Many of our Customers are making their Selection of Fabrics which will not be reordered by us. They will have the advantage of securing designs and makes not to be had elsewhere, or which will become in common use. Order samples by mail of our WOOL DRESS FABRICS, JACKET AND MANTLE CLOTHS, PRINTED SATEENS, DE LANES AND LLAMAS.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

MARCH, 1891. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL. NEW PRINTS and SATEENS.



AMERICAN RUBBER STORE WATERPROOF AND ODORLESS LADIES' STOCKINET SEAMLESS DRESS SHIELDS, ONLY 9cts. PAIR. REGULAR PRICE 20cts.

WATERPROOF CLOAKS. New Spring Patterns. LATEST STYLES. Largest Stock in St. John. Our Prices are the lowest in Canada.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

TURNER & FINLAY.

We are offering very special inducements to all cash customers, and our old credit customers, who have been so kind in past years to favor us with their custom, during these quiet months of the year, so as to enable us to close up our business at as early a time in this year as we can.

You will find a call and an inspection a mutual benefit, both to you in your saving, and to us in the fact that we will accomplish the end in view at an early date.

SPECIAL LINES: Dress Goods, Linens, Cottons, Prints, Etc., Etc.

C. FLOOD & SONS.

FANCY HOLIDAY GOODS! HANDSOME NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Some few have not seen our goods, or only partially looked over our stock. Call and make a thorough examination of the stock, you are sure to find something to suit you and your pocket.

CLEARANCE SALE Boots and Shoes!

In order to get out of business by the 1st April, we will sell the balance of Boots and Shoes BELOW COST.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS. GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

MITCHELL BROS. - 40 KING STREET.

SPRING GOODS

English and French Dress Goods.

We have just received and opened for the inspection of the Ladies, several very choice lots of Dress Goods, for Spring and Summer wear.

These Goods are of a very superior quality, and in the latest shades and most fashionable designs.

PRINTS.

We have also received a very fine lot of Prints, to which we invite special attention.

CORSETS.

We have added the celebrated American P. N. Corsets to our present varied stock. Our prices for the above goods will be found to be most reasonable.



97 KING STREET.



CHAPPED HANDS, COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. Sold by DRUGGISTS 25 CTS.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, WESTFIELD, KINGS CO.

ALL kinds of experimenting, model making, and general mechanical, punches, dies, and bending tools made to order.

Bijou Theatre! Formerly the Lyceum Theatre, Opposite St. Andrew's Park.

BRAN NEW SHOW! All new faces, from the leading Theatres in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

PICKERT and MAYON, World's Museum, Singing and Dancing Troupe, said to be the finest before the American public.

THE SCOTT'S, The world's greatest character artists. The above act is new and novel.

NELLIE OLDINE, The charming Seno-Comic Singer. Her first appearance in St. John. Comes highly recommended.

RUSSELL and BAKER, Musical Artists, who will perform on all kinds of instruments. Still with us, the St. John favorite.

JIM CURRAN, The Irish Comedian Vocalist and Dancer. His ninth week. Come and see him in his new songs and dances.

The whole to conclude with the side-splitting after-piece entitled—

GHOST in a PAWNSHOP. Look out for the Ghost.

Popular Prices: 10cts., 20cts., and 30cts.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the next Session of the Provincial Legislature to repeal the sixteenth section of the Act of Assembly, 12 Vict. chapter 68.

The object of this Bill is to repeal all provisions of the laws relating to the Police establishment in the City of Saint John, that prohibit members of the Police department from voting at Civic and Provincial elections.

3rd March, 1891.

WANTED. BOYS WANTED in every locality in N.B. and N.S., from 12 to 16 years of age. No fortune made, but good wages—for after school hours. Key Chains, sell well. Retail for 25c., and 30c. for sample. H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N.B.

TO LET. TWO LET—Two separate SELF-CONTAINED FLATS in terrace, Richmond street; respectable, compact, comfortable, containing six rooms each, also pantries, clothes presses, w.c., etc., etc. Good yard. Moderate rent. Please enquire of E. H. LESTER, 17 Richmond street.

TO LET—The DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Allan, King street (West End). Apply to ROSS, TURNER, 12 King street, City.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

McGregor was the guest of Senator Wark during his stay in Fredericton.

Dr. Frank Brown, while performing an operation at the Victoria hospital last week, accidentally scratched the little finger of his right hand. The wound became poisoned from the diseased tissue of the patient and the doctor is now suffering rather severely from his right arm.

Major Gordon is receiving congratulations upon the advent of a little daughter in his family.

Rev. Mr. Raymond, of St. John, is spending a few weeks in Fredericton.

Mr. James Lemont is home on Friday he and his mother, Mrs. Wm. Lemont, will leave for New York. Mrs. Lemont will spend some weeks with her friend, Mrs. Ward in New York, while Mr. Lemont will only remain for a very short time, long enough to enjoy some good music, of which he is a great lover.

Mrs. Geo. Palmer spent last week in St. John with her husband.

Among the passengers on Wednesday's Flying Yankee train was Miss Peasey, who will spend a few weeks in Boston and New York cities, visiting friends.

Mr. Wallace has again returned to his home in Halifax.

Mr. Andrew Coburn, who has been in the Victoria hospital since last June died last Thursday morning after a great deal of suffering. Rev. Mr. Payson held a funeral service at the hospital, Thursday evening. Friday morning the college students assembled there before the early train, and preceded by the father of the deceased and President Harrison of the University, they followed the remains to the railway station. The body was buried in the cemetery at Harvey. Mr. Coburn was only in his 22nd year, and was the youngest son of Mr. Andrew Coburn of Harvey. He was a very young man and had many friends in this city, who heard of his death with much regret.

Mr. Jeremiah Meagher, principal of the Regent street school, died last evening at his home, Regent street, after a very short illness. Although suffering from a cold for some days last week, he continued to attend to his school. On Friday pneumonia set in. Mr. Meagher was a native of Sunbury county, but came to this city at an early age. He was of an exceedingly kind and genial nature, and his circle of friends extended to all classes. He leaves a wife and three children—Mr. F. B. Meagher, of the High school staff; Mrs. Dr. McKinnon, of Antigonish; and Mrs. W. Graham, of Milltown.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Owen have returned from a pleasant trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. Augustus Tweedall has gone to Misoula to take a situation in the employ of the Eddy-Hammond Mercantile Co.

Mr. Arthur Limerick is dangerously ill in Boston, and his family have gone to him.

STELLA.

FAIRVILLE.

MAR. 4.—Society news is unusually scarce just now. Social gatherings are few and far between, not because it is lent, although Father Collins' faithful parishioners daily flock in large numbers to the pretty little church of St. Rose, especially during the 40 hours devotion, and the special lenten services of the English church are fully attended by devout worshippers. Still parties are not suspended from religious scruples, for here the lenten season brings no restrictions to those who are able to entertain; but the fact is, Fairville takes a lively interest in politics, feels deeply conscious of its importance as a part of the Dominion of Canada, and cannot think of being gay or frivolous until the national crisis is past. For the last two weeks the representatives of each side have addressed the electors and urged the franks and weak points of the other in various public halls. Party feeling always runs high here, and when not turned in the direction of politics, is sure to go in some other way. An American tourist lately remarked that the principal diversion of the St. John people was found in the churches and bar-rooms, but he probably stopped off at Fairville and received his first impressions here.

A slight accident happened in the Baptist church just at the close of the service, last Friday evening. The whole steeple work over one of the chandeliers fell, completely destroying a fine chandelier and considerably damaging the pulpit and platform.

Mrs. L. A. Long gave a small party last Thursday evening, one of a series devoted to Halma and other quiet games.

The Chautauque circle met at Dr. Gray's last Monday evening.

Mrs. Chas. Tilton, who has been for several weeks past in Ottawa, the guest of Mr. John Tilton, minister of fisheries, returned home on Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Baker went to Fredericton on Saturday to spend a few days with Hon. A. F. Randolph.

Mrs. C. F. Baker left Randolph yesterday for a week's visit in the city.

Miss Beatrice Waring is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Rev. W. Lodge went to Moncton yesterday. Some time ago one of the sons of Mr. Thomas Temple injured his knee severely by a fall on the ice and was obliged to go to New York for treatment. Both he and Mrs. Temple, who accompanied him, are at home again.

ANDOVER.

MAR. 3.—Miss Annie Magill, of Fort Fairfield, was visiting friends here last week.

Miss Edith Tibbitt returned home from Fredericton last Tuesday.

Rev. Geo. A. Hoyt spent last week in St. John.

Mrs. T. R. Cameron has returned from Haverhill, Mass., with her daughter Nellie. She is very ill. Her friends have no hope of her recovery.

Mrs. S. P. Waite and her young daughter are home again after a pleasant visit with friends in Portland, Me.

Mr. Waite met with a painful accident Monday. While feeding his horse, it caught one of his fingers and bit it so severely that it had to be amputated at the second joint.

Messrs. John Curry and Walter Scott were out shooting carbon Monday, to be served at the liberal dinner on Thursday.

Since lent commenced, the only amusement indulged in, is tobogganing and snow-shoeing. The snow-shoe club seems to be increasing in popularity.

Mr. English Brayley spent Sunday here.

Inspector O'Brien visited the schools here last week.

ANON.

CHATHAM.

[Progress is for sale in Chatham at Edward John Storr's bookstore.]

MAR. 4.—Mrs. F. E. Winslow returned home last week from Apohaqui, where she has been spending the past few months with her daughter, Mrs. H. M. Campbell.

Miss Sheriff returned on Saturday from visiting several of her friends in Moncton.

A number of ladies and gentlemen are preparing for a concert which is to take place Tuesday evening next in the Springhill hall.

Miss Sargent was in town today.

Miss Fisher, who has been visiting Mr. W. B. Snowball, returned to her home in Woodstock last week.

The Misses Ferguson entertained a number of their friends one evening last week.

The town is quite lively over the coming election which is to take place on Thursday, 5th.

ALLEN.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

Spring Humors

Spring Humors, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, are now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the Cuticura Remedies when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. The almost miraculous cures daily effected by them prove this. No statement is made regarding them not warranted by the strongest evidence. They are, in truth, the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unflinching success. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, soothes and heals raw and irritated surfaces, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier, and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the Cuticura Remedies cure every humor of the Spring, from the simplest facial blemishes to the worst case of scrofula. Sale greater than the combined sales of all others.



How to Cure Diseases of the Skin and Blood... CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c. CUTICURA SOAP, 50c. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimples, Blotchy Skin, ends with scurfy scales, and is prevented and cured by Cuticura Soap, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Price, 50c.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

MAR. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Daniels paid Dalhousie a flying visit the latter part of last week. Mrs. L. Moore, wife of the dry goods establishment of Mr. McCallum, Mr. F., was just returned from Boston, and is in town to visit the Misses Mowat, on her way home. Miss Melvina Keith has gone to Eel River to visit friends.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Daniel O'Keefe, who had been ill for the last two or three weeks, is again able to be about the house.

The friends of Mrs. S. H. Lingley will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her severe illness.

Mrs. Wm. R. Welsh of Gloucester Junction, N. B., who had been called here on account of the illness of her sister (Mrs. O'Keefe), has returned home.

Mr. Jos. H. Finette, for a long time book keeper for the firm of Adams & Firth, has gone to Bathurst, N. B., to take the management of the dry goods establishment of Mr. McCallum. Mr. F., while in Campbellton, made hosts of friends, and was shown so by being banquetted at the residence of Mr. J. McMillan on Friday night last. He will be an addition to the Bathurst society.

Mr. George Cummings, of the I. C. R., was in Moncton Monday and Tuesday.

Another one of our young men has joined the ranks of the benedictines this morning, when Mr. Edward Thomas, driver of the I. C. R., was united by the holy bonds of wedlock to Edith, only daughter of Mr. George Cummings.

Mr. L. J. Rippe, ex-M. P. for Bonaventure county, Que., was at McIntyre's yesterday, on his way home from Carlyle.

Mr. W. A. Mott is in the lower part of the county in the interest of Mr. McCallum.

Mr. A. McE. McDonald has returned home from a pleasant visit through Nova Scotia.

SUGAR LOAF.

YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horsfall.]

MAR. 3.—Miss Isabel Binney, who is studying art in Boston, intends to spend her Easter holidays in Baltimore.

Mr. W. H. Munroe, who has been attending Dalhousie law school, returned home last week.

Miss Nellie Garvey, who has been visiting Boston since last fall, is not expected home until May. She is much missed by her friends.

An interesting event, in which two of our most popular young people will be principals, will take place after Easter.

Miss Nellie Eakins has gone to Mount St. Vincent convent for a few months to perfect her education.

Hon. L. E. Baker and Miss Baker are about starting on a trip to California and Mexico. They will be gone two or three months.

ARDEL.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale in Parrboro at A. C. Berryman's bookstore.]

MAR. 4.—Sir Charles Tupper arrived in Parrboro at noon on Monday and left again Tuesday morning. He was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend. On Monday evening he spoke for a couple of hours in the Rink hall which was crowded to overflowing. I noticed quite a number of women in the audience. Sir Charles Tupper being personally acquainted with nearly everybody in Parrboro, and for miles around there was much crowding about him at the close of the meeting for a hand shake.

Mr. Stuart Jenks came home from Picton on Thursday and returned on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Taadington went to Springhill on Monday and returned Tuesday.

Mr. S. W. Smith went to Amherst on Tuesday.

Mr. C. Fullerton, of Amherst, was in town on Monday.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Reunion Allemande.

La reunion allemande qui a eu lieu la semaine passee chez Mlle Crnkibanks etait tres agreable. Les filles de M. Busse ont joue une comedie tres amusante.

Il va sans dire maintenant que lorsque les filles allemandes entreprennent une chose cette chose est bien faite et la comedie de vendredi soir n'a été qu'un autre succes pour elles. Il y avait cinq acteurs deux nouveaux maries, deux fiancés et une domestique—cette dernière était très méchante, c'était elle en effet qui par méchanceté pure et simple a mené le malentendu entre les autres, et cela pour se venger de sa maltraitance à cause d'une petite querelle sur les affaires de ménage. Son rôle était très bien joué cependant et pour le reste on le lui pardonne.

Outre les élèves de l'école il y avait d'autres spectateurs et la conversation était vive et intéressante. Il y avait là une dame qui parle le français et l'allemand et qui a dit ce soir-là qu'elle avait demuré

SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES.

NEW LACE CURTAINS, NEW CHENILLE PORTIERES AND CURTAINS,

NEW FURNITURE COVERINGS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

A. O. SKINNER. In Plushes, Silk Brocades, Damasks, etc. etc.

THE "HANDY" KEY CHAIN.

THIS little novelty is indispensable to every man who has once used one. The advantage is that you can never lose your keys, never misplace them, never leave them at home or in the post office box; can never lose them through a hole in your pocket, or lose them in any way. It is neat, looks well, being nickel-plated. DIRECTIONS FOR USE. Put the small ring over the front button of the pants and the keys on the ring of the other end, drop the key into the back pocket. Agents wanted in every town and city; write for sample, send 25cts. in stamps. Retail for 25cts.

H. V. MORAN, Box 21, St. John, N. B.

St. Stephen's Church Concert.

The ladies' society of St. Stephen's church will give a grand vocal and instrumental concert in the school room of the church on Tuesday evening, 10th inst, at 8 o'clock. Some of the best local talent will take part, including Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Macintyre, the Misses Hea, Young, Bowden and Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Messrs. Daniel, Olive, Stewart, Titus, Binning, Bowden, and Prof. Tapley.

No Regard For Himself or His Oath.

The rascals who do not care whether they swear to a lie or not lose no time in getting in their work Thursday morning. This came more particularly under Progress observation since one of its employes found his name voted at an early hour of the day. The fellow who voted it had but little regard for himself or his oath. He was a dry goods clerk but when challenged he swore he was a cabinet maker. The right man voted but he had to swear that he was the man meant on the lists.

Christian Endeavor Officers.

On Monday evening, at the semi-annual business meeting of the young people's society of christian endeavor of St. John's presbyterian church, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Mr. C. H. Doig; vice-president, Miss C. Crawford; secretary, Miss J. Parks; treasurer, Miss E. Trimble. A branch of the international bible reading association was formed, with Miss A. Gilmour as secretary.

King of Medicines

A Cure "Almost Miraculous." "When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well. "Early in 1881 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system. I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the King of Medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar \$50.00 in Cash GIVEN AWAY.

If you wish to Advertise Anything Anywhere at Any time

WRITE TO GEO. P. ROWELL & Co. No. 10 Spruce Street, NEW YORK.

THE Publishers of the Fredericton Globe will present \$50.00 in Cash as Prize, \$10.00 as second, and \$5.00 as a third prize, to be given to the person sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "FREDERICTON GLOBE." This offer is open to paid up subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these Cash Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe.

No letter in the words "FREDERICTON GLOBE" to be used more frequently than it appears in those words. In case of a tie the first sender will be entitled to the prize. Send your list in early.

Write only on one side of the paper upon which you send your list. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will govern the contest. Address: CHOCQUET & MACY, Proprietors "Fredericton Globe," P. O. Box, 315, Fredericton, N. B.

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CHAIN.
lose them in any
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looks well, being
nickle-plated.
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button of the
pants and the keys
ring of the other
top the key into
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city; write for
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sending PROGRESS away
as they buy it are under the
at it costs two cents for
They are wrong. The
paper does not weigh four
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hurch, the following officers
or the ensuing term: Presi-
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secretary, Miss J. Parks;
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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

A FEW COURT EPISODES.

INCIDENTS THAT ENLIVEN THE DULL ROUTINE OF LIFE.
Some Funny Questions and Some Funny Answers—The Counsel Compliment Each Other without Silly—And His Honor Takes a Hand in it Now and Then.
If the proper study of mankind is man, it may be doubted whether there is any field offering such facilities for that study as do our courts of law. Here the mask is torn aside, the hidden life is brought to the surface, and the motives which explain men's acts are analyzed and dissected by the skillful hands.
Court proceedings are very apt to be and proxy, nevertheless, and this is why a funny incident in the course of a

ness has said that I'm objecting to: it's what he's going to say."
Some of the gentlemen of the gown have a weakness for long words. Let the witness be ever so ignorant they will ply him with questions which only a man of literary parts could fathom. In a shipping case tried at Bathurst a French witness named Hache, who spoke English in a most imperfect and uncertain way, was on the stand. Mr. S—, who has a habit of parting his hands when he is speaking as though he were trying to swim through the verbal billows that he raises before him, was the examining counsel. The following is a literal reproduction of the case as asked:
"Now, Mr. Hache, as it were, you profess to be a pilot as it were; now I want

for a certain paper possessed by the opposite counsel, he blandly asked for the paper verbally in court. The opposing counsel, being slightly rusty as to the practice, began fumbling among his papers for the document, at the same time murmuring to himself that he thought the practice was "rather new." "O, no," said Mr. B—, "I don't think it very new." Whereupon his honor, who had been an amused witness of this proceeding, and could no longer contain himself, exclaimed, "Lord of mercy, Mr. B—, wouldn't you say it was so new, that you never heard anything like it before in all your born days?" It is needless to say that Mr. B— did not get the paper.
Probably a case of constructive contempt of court could be made out against the

IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.

HUMAN NATURE IN ALL ITS PURITY THERE.
Married and Single Careless of Observance—False Teeth and Modesty—Some People are Always Eating—The Curiosity of Children.
There is something wonderfully entertaining to the observant mind, in a railway journey that one small cabinet filled with palpitating human nature, holds a greater number of separate and distinct individualities than a church bazaar or a sewing circle, and I think it is even a better place for studying human nature, because people seem to have a way of leaving their masks at home, when they go travelling, and the real man, or woman, is very apt to come

another. The newly made husband and wife embrace each other undisguisedly, evidently feeling that here, at least, the iron rules of conventionality are loosened, and the trammels of social usage cast aside; I am quite sure that loving couples across the isle who are clasped so closely in each others arms would scorn to hug in church or kiss one another in a concert room or on the street, but here somehow it is different. Human nature bubbles up to the surface and does pretty much as it pleases; why, I have seen people calmly and unblushingly remove their false teeth in the train and enjoy their lunch in a state of toothless comfort, highly edifying to the other passengers.
All this delightful social liberty exists while the train is in motion, but once let it

tion to that profession. Unfortunately for her, mamma seemed to possess an impatient temper, and very short and sharp answers met the queries of her intelligent offspring. Scarcely had we moved out of the station when she began:
"Where's the round-house, mamma? I want to see the round-house."
"I want you to keep still," said mamma.
Our engine was to be exchanged for a more powerful one, and we were waiting patiently till the latter arrived, and the small maiden kept the time from hanging heavily on our hands.
"Mamma," she continued, "has our engine broke down?"
"If you don't keep still I'll have to beat you," was the response.
"Well, I guess they'll have a pretty



GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY.

case is welcomed by all present and enjoyed with a peculiar relish. Some of us wonder why we are so prone to be amused at any funny incident, however trifling, that occurs in church. It is the sombre and incongruous character of the surroundings that lend the setting to the incident and bring it out in bold relief. The value of solemnity as a background for his jokes is seldom ignored by a humorist. This is why the successful humorist is apt to be a man of sad and mournful visage. It is a trick of the trade.
It was a Carleton county witness who, in reply to the question "what is your business?" said, "In part agricultural, in part mechanical and in part professional." Being asked for an explanation, he said that he owned a farm, that he was a shoemaker and that he was reckoned to be the best "hoss doctor" in the county.
Lawyer D—, of Northumberland, now deceased, was a man of excellent repute in the profession. He had a certain nervous, irritable manner, however, and when conducting a case was profoundly suspicious of any move being made on the part of the opposing counsel to circumvent him. On one occasion he rose and exclaimed, "Now, your honor, I object." "Well, on what ground do you object, Mr. D—," inquired the judge. "Well, your honor, I object on general grounds." "But you must specify your ground, Mr. D—," "Well, your honor, it isn't what the wit-

ness said that I'm objecting to: it's what he's going to say."
"Well, I don't know, I think she were sometime, and sometime she were foggy."
Westonland lawyers as a whole are a boisterous lot, and it is safe to say that our friend H— will never be hung for his sweetness of temper. He has a habit of raising a scene in court at the smallest provocation. On one occasion a dispute occurred between him and Mr. S— as to a matter of evidence. "I say the witness said he had run out the line over twenty years ago." "He said nothing of the kind, Mr. H." rejoined Mr. S. "Then if he did not say so I'm not here." To which Mr. S. replied, "Well, you're not all there, Mr. H."
It should perhaps be said that whatever deficiencies may be laid at the door of Mr. H—, lack of lung power is not one of them. An important motion was about to come before the court at Fredericton when a junior partner of Mr. H— arose and asked the court to stay the argument so that Mr. H— who was then in Ottawa, could be heard. "I think," said one learned judge, "if the window is opened and Mr. H— will raise his voice a trifle, we can hear him all right."
One of the most wily gentlemen of the provincial bar is Mr. B—. Having omitted to give the necessary written notice

man who would assert that gentlemen of the bar ever appear in the court-room under the influence of the ardent. Sometimes, however, things are said in court which seem slightly mysterious to ordinary mortals. For instance, the following question that was asked in the case of X. vs. the New Brunswick railway, tried at Woodstock:
"Then, if I understand you, witness, you say when you reached the track the train was about half way between the cutting and eight o'clock?"
Many instances might be given of the blunders made by lawyers in putting their questions. It was a Charlotte county barrister who propounded the query: "Are you any relation of your father, the plaintiff in this case?" But a York county lawyer is responsible for the following: "You say, witness, that you were born in Stanley. But what I want to know is, where did you come from originally?" What he meant to ask was where the family of the witness came from originally.
Now and then the witness is too many for the examining counsel and when this is the case there is apt to be fun in the court. It was while the Leary investigation was going on in the house of assembly last winter that Mr. Hamington asked Mr. Murray the question: "Then I suppose this telegram came by inspiration?" To which Murray replied, "No, it came by inspiration I should say." An Irishman in an Albert county assault case was asked: "You are supposed to take after your father, I believe, Jerry?" "D—d I know," said Jerry, "but the last time he tuk after me he left a spot on me arum as big as yer head."

in the first-class car. It is less apparent in the parlor car! There the restraints of civilization still hold a moderate sway. It may have a puffed up and haughty mind but I have never yet penetrated the inner circle of second-class car society; when I do, I expect to see still more of human nature in its savage state, and to profit largely by its experience. But till then, the first class car affords me a sufficiently wide field for observation. To begin with, people who travel seem to be always eating! You cannot enter a car at any hour of the day or night, without surprising some individual, or some group, in the act of partaking of a cold collation. *Semper paratus* for "vittles"—seems to be the motto of the travelling public. Bread and butter, sandwiches, doughnuts, oranges, peanuts and prize candy. All is fish that comes to their net, and they devour their comestibles with a zest which would arouse the bitterest envy in the heart of the weary *bon vivant* to whose jaded palate the choicest creation of his French chef all taste alike.
And then the amount of conversation one overhears! the secrets that are disclosed to the unsympathetic ear of the person in the next seat whom the people most concerned fondly imagine to believe dead, or asleep, judging by the tone in which they impart their confidences to each other. In fact the occupants of a railway car seem to be for the time a sort of commune who have no secrets from one

stop, and the change in a free and independent Moncton voter's politics, when he is offered a ten dollar note to vote on the other side, is not more rapid than the transformation which sweeps like a blizzard over that car! A silence that can be felt, settles down upon the occupants, as if each one were afraid of the sound of his own voice. The bride jerks her head from the groom's shoulder with a suddenness that nearly knocks her head off, the two young lovers who have been spooning in a corner let go each other's hands with precipitation the false teeth are clapped into place with a snap, and in a few seconds what was once a scene of Bohemian joviality, might have served an artist as a model for a picture of a W. C. T. U. general assembly, from the air of stern propriety which prevailed it. The only class of travellers not affected by these conditions are the children, and to them justice they are seldom influenced by conventionality, but remain their true selves under all circumstances.
On one of the last railway trips I took, a family of three little daughters and a pretty mother sat directly in front of me. The two eldest children were like stores of other little girls the world over, and very young, who was about three years old, and very pretty, was cast in an original mould, and, judging by her insatiable curiosity concerning everything around her, she has a great future before her as a journalist, if she will only turn her atten-

hard job fixing it up," continued the unabashed cherub.
Silence! broken at length by a distant rumble, and almost simultaneously by the infant inquirer:
"Mamma, is that the engine coming to take us?"
"I suppose so."
"Are they going to tackle it up to this train?"
"If you don't keep still, Mamie, I'll put you right out of the window on the track there and leave you."
"Well, but mamma, will our engine have to go into the round house to be fixed up now?"
I was beginning to take a deep interest in that child! It seemed to me that one who continued the pursuit of knowledge so unflinchingly, in the face of such discouragement, was deserving of sympathy, and I was about to take the young enthusiast on my knee and pour out stories of golden knowledge for her benefit, when little sister number one came to the rescue with, "Don't try to turn that seat over, Mamie; it will pinch your fingers."
"It won't! you crazy fool, you," responded Mamie, warily. And my interest in that youngster flickered, and went out, like an expiring candle. She was too well able to take care of herself to require any assistance from me. So I curled up in my corner and slept till I reached my journey's end.

BANKER MEYRICK'S DIANA.

By Evelyn Raymond.

When Bonny Meyrick entered the breakfast room she saw her Uncle Job was in bad temper; or, if that is putting it too strongly, that she was the doubtful mood which might lead either to crossness or amiability, according as matters should happen during the next few seconds.

"You are three minutes late, Beatrice." "Am I? Then I beg your pardon. But see—" She opened her small silver watch and held it toward the old gentleman. The hands marked precisely the hour of eight.

"So!" he exclaimed; "Is it possible that I can be wrong?" He critically examined his own chronometer. If the girl was right the only deduction was that to which every male owner of a time-piece is sensitive.

When Uncle Job said "Beatrice," his niece became meek and humble. She hastened to interpose; "It is more than likely that my watch has lost a little; and, really no comparison should be made." Then, seeing the iron deepening instead of lightening, she added: "Though it answers admirably for all my purposes."

Leonid came in with the breakfast, and the pair moved to the table. Bonny hoped that the eggs might be right that morning, if ever. When Uncle Job was in the doubtful mood so much depended upon the eggs. If they now proved to be as he liked them, and if he became genial—as genial as he ever could—she had a request to prefer.

The girl filled her uncle's cup from the great urn, attended with an almost painful anxiety to the creaming and sugaring of the fragrant Mocha, and with a trembling hand placed it upon the tray which Leonard held. Mr. Meyrick received, sniffed, and drank it off at once.

Bonny's tremor subsided. As soon as the cover had been lifted from the dish she had seen that the fried potatoes were of the most delicate shade of brown, the rolls appeared perfect, the coffee ditty, and the eggs had proved satisfactory. There was only the steak left about which to worry.

When she saw that Uncle Job could cut that with one stroke of his knife, her courage rose to the highest notch. The broad rosy face opposite her had become the face of a person to whom ill-temper seemed impossible.

"Uncle Job." "Well, my dear." "I would like to have a small allowance; pocket money, or whatever you may choose to call it."

"Bless my soul! What can you want to do with an allowance?" "To use it in ever so many ways. It is odd for any one as old as I am to have no money."

"Very likely. But this 'odd' thing is the least that ever happened to you. No money—no temptation." "Excuse me for not agreeing with you; besides, I am twenty-one—of age, you know."

"What difference does that make? Don't you have all your needs supplied—well supplied?" "Yes, thank you. Yet when I go out in the street I occasionally wish to give something to a poor person, or to buy a bunch of flowers. I do not believe that there is another girl in the city who is kept as I am."

"No, my dear, you are quite right. I, also, doubt if there is another girl in the city as fortunate as you are." Job Meyrick's eye proudly swept the fine apartment.

"But, uncle, wasn't my mother's property to be mine?" "Your mother's property is a myth. She did not leave you one cent. Your father took precious good care that she should not, by spending it himself. Let me see! You were ten years old when you came here. I had supported the whole family for more than two years before your parents died. Ten from twenty-one—eleven; and two—it is thirteen years since I assumed entire charge of you, Beatrice. Every necessity of yours had been paid for by my purse." He tapped his pocket significantly.

Bonny felt as if he had struck her. The tears rose to her eyes. "I did not know, uncle, and I am very sorry. But this state of affairs need not continue. I can try to earn my own living, and—"

"Beatrice Meyrick! As long as you live don't you dare make such a remark again. Earn your own living—disgrace the family! Will you tell me what, as a sensible creature, you can possibly want more than you now enjoy?"

"No thing," faltered the girl; "only that which I mentioned."

"And that is not a need. When you are twenty-five you will be sufficiently grounded in prudence—if ever a woman can be—to have the handling of money. Till then, let us hear no more about it. It is time now that you set out for the park."

They rose, and the old gentleman waited to kiss his niece's cheek. With very few exceptions, Beatrice had received this avuncular caress in precisely the same spot, and at nearly the same moment, upon every morning of the past thirteen years. It had become part of the breakfast-room ceremony, and aroused only less sentiment than the serving of the meat.

Then Mr. Meyrick betook himself to his picture gallery, and Bonny set out for her prescribed exercise. He to brood over an unsatisfied desire, and she to walk down town as if she could. This is not so easy to do, especially when she was hurrying along the little side path she most frequented, she came upon the same poor fellow whom she had seen there for the last three mornings, and on whose behalf she had dared to broach to her uncle the subject of a private purse.

He did not at first observe what she had done; but when he did his eyes rested on the parcel in fascination. It was covered with a wrapping such as bakers use, and suggested something eatable within. He

stooped and opened the bundle, and saw lying before him two daintily spread sandwiches. The moment later, the empty bag was thrown crushed and crumpled upon the grass, and the young man was looking in the direction which Beatrice had taken.

After a while she turned and came toward him. He had observed that she did this each morning; she traversed a certain distance and for a certain number of times. A girl who did things by rule and measure. A girl so plainly attired that she must be either very poor or very rich; in either case, wholly independent. Her strong, supple figure moved with the swift ease and grace of one who, selecting abominations of steel and whalebone, claimed and enjoyed her right to the freedom of motion commonly accorded to men.

It was a beautiful figure. It caught and held his critical eye in admiration as it had done before, if then somewhat dimly. Now, he knew a fine body, tenanted by a soul, and he watched to see what sort of a face it was through which this soul would look.

He was a little disappointed in it. Then he began to see more clearly—the face growing upon him out of the distance. It was something greater than beautiful. It was a type of the highest in womanhood; the eyes clear truthful—the brow noble with intellect, the mouth tender with unselfish devotion. Artist though he was, he did not see either the color or the contour of the features. He beheld but the glad, helpful expression that was more cheering than a smile. The girl made him think of his mother, whom he had never consciously seen.

When she was opposite him, he rose and held out his hands. The brightness of her face intensified. She took them in her warm, strong, ungloved clasp, and held them firmly. Support seemed to pass through her fingers to his exhausted frame.

"Thank you, he said simply. "It was so, then?" "Yes," he tried to say it manfully, but the color crept into his haggard cheek. "How long?"

He hesitated, then regretted that he did so. "Three days," he answered slowly. "As long as you have been sitting here of mornings?"

He assented mutely. Her glance wandered over his well-clothed person. "Tell me about it if you can?" "The story is a commonly distressful one."

"I should like to hear it." They were still standing, and she felt his hands, which she held, tremble. She released them and sat down upon the bench. He dropped into a place beside her.

As he had said, it was a common story. Not every artist sells his pictures. His hopeful, ambitious studies in the old world bade fair to have their fruition of starvation in the new. While away on a few months' tour, a brother painter had been glad to leave an empty studio to his use and care. He had worked; he had made some sales—but it was summer, and customers were few. Besides, his only sister was widowed, with two children to feed, and herself as poor as he. If he could earn anything it must go to them. He dared not think of them. He had not seen them for a week.

"Pitifully ordinary as it was, to Beatrice it was a revelation. The familiar, delightful surroundings made it seem unreal in the telling. She did not, for an instant doubt its entire credibility. Her thought reverted to that morning's interview with her uncle, and her disappointment about the allowance."

Then she smiled. "In one way I am as helpless as you. I never have any money." She studied the ground in perplexity. It offered her no suggestions, but she remembered that at precisely half past ten her singing master was due. She must go home, and this man must go with her. She wondered if he could. "Come," she said, rising. "I am obliged to go home. Let us see if you can walk so far. It is twelve blocks."

He began to excuse himself, but she looked at him in surprise, and he stood up beside her. He could walk, though with an unsteadiness that illy matched her free step. She slipped her arm within his, and so—he apparently guiding, but in reality led—they went out of the park together.

The patrolman who was accustomed to the sight of Miss Meyrick taking her constitutional pursued his lips and stared after them.

The artist still thought the girl poor, though she spoke and moved as one born amidst wealth. It was not, after all, a great surprise when she ascended the steps of one of the finest mansions on the avenue. They had come very slowly for the last few blocks, yet the young man's knees knocked together, and he stumbled like one who had taken wine. He joined, who admitted the pair, was too astonished to speak.

"Please send Mrs. Lincoln to me immediately," directed the girl, in a tone of gentle authority; and helped her guest into the nearest room.

When the housekeeper came, she quickly explained: "I have found a gentleman starting. As soon as possible, will you bring the food which is best for him?"

The stranger heard, but the unequivocal statement stirred no feeling of shame. He was now past that emotion.

The matron led him and gave him sips of wine; delicately, at first, then with greater freedom, as he seemed able to bear it. In half an hour he was much stronger. "It is your music hour," said Mrs. Lincoln, turning to the girl, "and I have to go out."

The person to whom she had ministered understood and rose. "I will leave you now. Thank you." The tone in which he spoke won upon the housekeeper; the usual "God bless you!" of a tramp would have made her afraid.

Beatrice observed this. She rarely asserted herself, but when she did always commanded respect. "I would like to see this gentleman again, Mrs. Lincoln. He can pass the time of your absence and my lesson in the gallery. He is an artist," she led the way there directly, and her

protege followed—the other not objecting. Afterwards, upon the street, the conscientious soul was abashed at her own temerity. Had any one told her—Barbara Lincoln—that she would admit a vagrant to her master's house, and go away leaving him there, she would have denied the assertion with all her fervor. Yet she had done this thing—and without hesitation. The absolute integrity of the man appeared as plain to her as if she had known him always. Even when she was detained down town, she was not troubled.

The hour after Bonny's lesson belonged to herself. She passed it that morning in the gallery, where she found her charge critically examining the few rare, and more ordinary, paintings upon its walls. "Has the time proved tedious?" she asked.

"On the contrary, very brief. There are some gems here which would repay more than one hour's study. That Borgese, for instance, and this Turner. The collection is much finer than some private ones."

"Pictures are my uncle's hobby, or rather the great pleasure of his life. I have been with him since I was a little girl," he said, with a slight regretting that he had not studied art as a profession.

"Probably he would not have possessed all this luxury if he had done so." "That may be; yet even such satisfaction has its limits. What do you think of this?"

"It is fair—not more." "That picture is my Uncle Meyrick's bane. The fourth of the same theme which he has had painted—and each was worse than the other."

"It is a good subject." "Uncle Job has his own ideas as to its treatment, and somehow—though they appear reasonable enough to me—they clash with those of artists. I wish—"

But what she wished she did not say, for a servant entered and Beatrice was summoned away. When she was once more free, and returned to the gallery, it was empty.

The wish to which she did not give voice remained in her heart; she intended to express it to her uncle that evening, during his hour of after-dinner enjoyment. So she took her accustomed low seat opposite him in the library, and prepared herself to listen with more than usual deference to what he might have to say. This would be her opportunity, and Beatrice meant to suggest, with what boldness she could, that the dissatisfied owner of a quartet of goddesses should give an acquaintance of the park an order for a fifth.

"Uncle," she began; but he had not finished. He ignored the interruption as that of a troublesome child, and proceeded with the lecture.

"The professionals all assume that no layman has correct judgment; yet it is for us they paint, and money the fingers tickle to handle. If I only had the technical skill, I'd show them! That Diana—for instance. I can see it as—"

"Uncle Job, I—" with a delicate little emphasis on the "I"—"I know an artist who would be glad to teach me."

He stared at her over his eyeglasses, and paying no further heed resumed "I can see it as clearly as I hung on yonder wall. The very pose, the drapery, the modesty, and yet the fire—Oh! for the power to manipulate a brush as I can stocks! How every artist thinks he really believes, that I have found the very fellow I want. Poor as a church mouse, but possessing the knowledge which I lack. I have made a contract with him. He is to be absolutely idea-less. I'm going to get into his brain, so to speak, and work through him. Yes, yes!" he slapped his forehead with a complacency; "I believe I shall yet realize my ideal."

"Oh! Uncle Job! Have you already engaged some one to paint another Diana?" "Already? It is something over a year that I have been looking for him; but, yes, it is already chosen for him to put it so."

"I'm so sorry! When?" "This afternoon. Now get the paper and read the rest of that article on realism in art. I should think that you would rejoice in my gratification instead of regretting it."

"To rejoice for you, Uncle Job; but" she ended her explanation with a sigh and began reading.

Beatrice Meyrick's walk on the following and many subsequent mornings was undisturbed by any visions of suffering young men; yet, strangely enough, that peculiar feeling of loneliness overcame her at sight of the empty bench, she fell into a habit of taking out and reading a bit of a letter which had come to her immediately after her adventure in the park. Briefly, mainly notes of gratitude and hope renewed, and signed "Louis Harger."

Who he was or where he lived and how he fared, she could only conjecture; until one day she reappeared at the place of their meeting. As she turned down the little path he came toward her smiling and lifted his hat; and she observed how fine and strong his face was, now that it was relieved from the haggardness of slow starvation.

"I am glad to see you," she said in her sunny way. "I have been looking for and wondering about you these many days." "Looking for me? I feared you had become scared remember me among the many you befriended." His face flashed slightly.

"You are doubly mistaken. I have not forgotten, nor do I befriend many. Is all well with you?" "Yes, and no. I have found some hack work to do which supplies our daily needs; and I have an order for a picture from an eccentric old gentleman, oddly enough, for a Diana; but I must disappoint him. I have failed to obtain a satisfactory model."

"For a Diana?" she said eagerly, "what was his name?" "He did not leave it. He left what he fancied better, in the shape of a generous retainer. Since I am compelled to abandon the work, I regret his disappointment quite as much as his loss myself." "The name, though, was in the mind of both. It was improbable that two 'eccentric old gentlemen' should be roaming around among the impetuous artists of the city, in search of a knowledge which might be hard to interpret—the painter's own language. The uncolored name was Job Meyrick. Louis Harger wanted this girl to know that he was willing to do anything, even against his own convictions or the fixed principles of art, which would gratify a friend of hers; and this was why he had sought her in the park. Yet he felt a delicacy in mentioning his supposi-

tion until she showed some answering comprehension. "She did not do this, she merely said: 'Is it absolutely necessary to the success of the picture that this model should be found? I ask in honest ignorance, for I should imagine that almost any one would do.'" "If that were so it would be a difficulty easily overcome. Models are as numerous and as needy as the artists who employ them. This is not to be a portrait of a mere woman, it is a goddess. And," he added regretfully, "goddesses are not common hereabout."

They had walked on slowly to the end of Bonny's daily limit, and she stopped. "Have you yet given your old gentleman his disappointing answer?" "I was going out of town for a week or two. If nothing occurs to help me out I must do so when he returns."

That was fresh confirmation to Beatrice. Uncle Job had gone "out of town" for a week or two; well, a "week or two" is an illimitable time to youth and ardor; her spirit, brightened. She extended her hand in parting. "Good-by, Mr. Harger, I hope that you may yet be able to accomplish your desire. And, if I may venture to advise, do not give up this order till the last. It might easily lead to others. Eccentric old gentlemen do buy pictures as apt to be extravagant."

"Thank you; I shall forget neither the hope nor the advice."

He watched her move away, alert, strong, graceful, with a feeling of indescribable regret. He had seen her but twice, yet already, and in utter disregard of its hopelessness, he loved Beatrice Meyrick.

A day or two later there was a knock at his studio door, and Harger left his easel to admit a possible beggar or patron. He found neither, but a woman closely veiled who entered at once, as if with desperate courage, upon her business. "I read your advertisement in the morning's paper. I have come to offer myself as the model you desire."

A thrill of delight ran through the artist's frame. "Come in," he said as quietly as he could; and tossing some drapery from a chair to offer it to his visitor. But she merely bowed acknowledgment of the courtesy and remained standing.

"I do need a model, yet, do you understand as I am?" he tried to keep his voice cool and steady. "Not clearly. I shall be glad to learn, at least to try."

"The pose is not especially difficult; it will be something like this." He sketched upon an empty canvas the outline of the goddess as he hoped to picture her. The would-be model watched through her veil, charmed by the skill with which a few charcoal lines brought out a figure of exquisite grace; the arms extended and uplifted holding the bow and arrow; the eager, forward rushing foot; the flowing drapery; as she watched a sudden enthrustment was born within her. This thing she had feared as most distasteful fascinated her. "I think I can do it, if my figure will answer."

"I am sure it will," he responded with eagerness; then reduced himself to a business-like tone. "Before we can decide, will you lay aside your cloak, and take the attitude I have suggested?"

A momentary reluctance returned to embarrass her, but she conquered it and obeyed. The pose, even in a walking dress, was perfect.

"That is admirable. When will you come?" "To-morrow morning, if it will suit you."

"I am most anxious to begin." "At half past eight then?" "Yes, if that is not too early."

"I should like it best. With that she was gone."

The man she had left rushed excitedly about the place, then dropped into a chair, perplexed and wondering. Did she know what she was doing? But no; she little dreamed. He pictured the face under the mask of tissue, smothered by the same selfing devotion which had marked it when she led him staggering from the park. She was as unconventional as she was pure; and she had come to do him good; indirectly, to Beatrice Meyrick would personate would be the very ideal of that peculiar man. Harger slept little that night, and surely no other ever received such a furnishing as that in which he awaited the coming of his model.

She was prompt at the hour she had named, but there was a tremulousness in the tone which answered his good-morning. "I have brought this," she said, showing him a robe fashioned in imitation of the lines with which he had draped his charcoal figure on the day before.

"That is perfect. I had provided something else, but yours is better. Please come this way; my sister will attend you in the dressing-room."

She followed him, and resigned herself into the hands of a sweet-faced woman who, had she known it, was as new to the task Beatrice had undertaken as the girl herself; but she had been well instructed, and when the modern Diana stepped tremblingly upon her pedestal, the artist beheld her beautiful beyond even the dreams which had haunted his broken sleep. Perfect in everything, save one: her face was hidden behind a silken mask, yet none of the trio present made the slightest reference to the fact.

"Place yourself so," he directed and gave her the bow.

She grasped it firmly, raising her beautiful arms and throwing her supple body into the very pose she had so often heard her uncle describe; and which when studying his ideal, he had sometimes made her assume in his own gallery. To Harger the sight was ravishing. This girl knew and interpreted his own conception; and his fingers trembled as he delicately arranged the few folds of drapery she would have had changed.

He seized his brush and worked as he had never done before. Save for an occasional question from him concerning her fatigue, to which her reply was a negative nod, not a word was spoken in the studio. The sweet-faced widow read and quietly observed. The tireless, motionless model aimed at the imaginary feeling deer; while the artist plied his brush unceasingly. "Is it enough?" he cried at last, and flung his palette down. Then he crossed swiftly to the platform where Beatrice

stood, and held out his hand to assist her. His fingers were burning and thrilling to the cool, calm touch she gave him, as she accepted his aid.

There was a week of sittings, a week of paradise. Then came a day on which she entered a little hurriedly and before her time, to find the artist reading a note and evidently much disturbed. She returned his salutation, and explained directly; "I wanted to give you all the time I could. After today I shall not be able to come again. Will it make any difference?"

The picture had progressed wonderfully save that the face was untouched. Harger knew that he could finish it without her aid; what difference? For a moment he did not answer.

"Oh! I hope it will not!" cried the voice behind the veil. "I should be greatly grieved if the work failed, after all."

He must reassure her. "I can complete the painting, even if you can come no more. But" he turned away and began to arrange his easel. Then, as she was passing into the dressing-room he came forward again. "I must tell you that my sister writes of an unavoidable detention at home. If you do not wish to remain I will try to go alone."

Beatrice hesitated. The pain in his tone woke an answering regret in her own heart; while something wildly sweet swept over her, setting every nerve a tingle. Harger watched the color surge into the white throat below the veil, and his pulses throbbled fiercely.

"Well," she said simply, "it does not matter. I will stay." A few moments later she sprang lightly upon her platform, and fell at once into the pose which her firm muscles made so easy to her, and which had become so familiar. That morning the artist dared not give his accustomed arrangement to her draperies lest his touch should become a caress. The silence which fell upon them became charged with an intensity of feeling. At once Harger's hand would dash recklessly forward in passionate joy at this hour of solitude with his beloved; then lag heavily as the minutes tickled away. But the strokes he wrought were unseen, the pictures he drew were upon the intangible canvas of his thoughts alone.

At length the hush was broken by a sigh; and overcome by a weariness as new as it was irresistible, the model's arms dropped heavily to her sides. A moment she stood drooping where she had been eager, then slowly moved to step down from her place. But Harger's palette had fallen face downward upon the floor, and his hands were outstretched toward her. "Pardon me! I have been brutally thoughtless, you are over-wearied!"

"There is nothing to pardon. It has not been longer than usual; but—I am tired." For the first time her hands trembled in his clasp, and feeling them so his own grew steady.

"You have rendered me an inestimable service. I shall never forget this week—this morning."

"Nor I," she answered, withdrawing her hands. Her tone was low and solemn. The words which rushed to his lips were frozen upon them. He bowed his head and turned away his eyes. He felt himself standing in the audience chamber of his girl's virgin soul. Love had come to her suddenly, overwhelmingly. There had been no resistance on her part, nor blindness on his. But the guest was sacred. No word jarred upon the stillness which his presence brought; and Louis Harger knew when he was alone, only by the soft sound of the portiere waving before the closing door.

"Bonny," said Job Meyrick, at dinner a month later "please tell Mrs. Lincoln to have the gallery thoroughly lighted this evening. My Diana has been sent home, and the artist is coming to unpack it. I wish you to be present." He was in good humor; he had called her "Bonny."

"Have you seen the picture, Uncle Job?" "Not yet. That is, not since it was finished. The artist, named Harger, fine fellow, with judgment, and bound to rise, begged me to wait till he considered it complete. But I saw it directly after. I returned home from the south. The figure was well done then, the face not begun. I fancy he was particular, but he had his own ideas on that point, something pure and exalted, and I allowed them. I felt he had proved himself worthy of trust."

Still even when the supreme moment had arrived, the banker Meyrick stood quivering with expectation, while the artist delayed to lift the last cover which hid his masterpiece, Beatrice had not appeared.

"Mrs. Lincoln, have the goodness to call my niece at once. She must be here to catch the first view," said the old gentleman testily.

The matron withdrew, and Beatrice glided in. She was pale as the gown she wore, and she did not raise her eyes from the floor where Louis Harger stood, with his hand upon the curtain that veiled the picture. "Now?" ordered Mr. Meyrick, and leaned eagerly forward. The drapery was tossed aside.

Upon the hush which followed, broke the uncle's cry: "Why, it's Beatrice!"

The girl's eyes fell upon the canvas, then flashed to Harger's face. It was true. A feeling of suffocation seized her; but while the amazed and delighted banker bent adoringly over his more than realized ideal, Louis had gained her side.

"You knew then?" she faltered. "From the first."

"How?" "By your voice, yourself. Because I loved you."

The white rose of her cheek grew damask. "Wonderful, wonderful! At last I'm satisfied!" murmured the happy connoisseur, walking slowly backward and forward before his beautiful acquisition, with eyes riveted upon it and blind to everything else.

THE INDIAN AND HUNTER.

A Story for Young People.

I was seventeen years of age, but strong, rugged and fond of hunting. One day in the late autumn of the year, when the snow flakes were beginning to flit through the brown leaves that floated softly through the air till they covered all the ground, I had extended my hunting trip too far, and losing my bearings, found myself at dusk in a dense thicket, with overhead a leaden sky, an ominous moaning among the tall trees and the prospect of a lonely night.

The nearest settlement was probably fifteen miles away, and the conduct of the white hunters toward the Indians had been so exasperating that the Indians had resented their intrusion, and several conflicts had already taken place, resulting in the death of various parties on both sides.

Not knowing whether I was on hostile ground or not, but knowing that my compass was broken and that I had no means of knowing my position, I sought the friendly shelter of some craggy rocks, gathered some sticks and made a fire.

A fresh supply of wood was gathered to replenish the fire during the night, and I had settled myself in a position of watchfulness by sitting on the ground with my arms around my knees, and the good bow and arrow, prepared for a series of cat naps through the night, when a light, soft step made me instinctively leap to my feet and bring my rifle to position. I peered into the darkness, then sprang into the midst of the fire, and scattered the embers in every direction, completely extinguishing the light.

I stood there in the darkness, with rifle at full cock and my long hunting knife conveniently at hand. I would not do to shoot; the shot might be wasted. I must act only on the defensive. My heart pounded in my breast till I thought if would stop the passage. I tried to crowd it down, but it would not. Cold as the night was there in the inky blackness of the forest gloom, the hot blood coursed through the veins with almost lightning rapidity. Probably twenty seconds elapsed before I saw an eagle—when a soft voice came from the blackness:

"Ugh! White man no scare, no bad." With every fiber in my body quivering, I said: "Indian say Great Spirit, and aimed my rifle in the direction of the sound."

The voice came back: "Great Spirit—ugh! White man no bad; Indian no bad." Immediately responded: "Indian come. The Great Spirit smiles on the good Indian."

Quickly and quietly he gathered the scattered bits of woods together, and kindled the fire, first placing his gun in my hand, then sat down on the opposite side and looked at me.

He pointed to the sky, then spread out his hands and shivered—"There was a heavy snow storm coming." With a singular courtesy he asked, by the same language, if I would go to his lodge with him, for here we might perish before dawn through the coming inclemency of the night.

I gave assent, for what else could I do? We left our fire dying in the night, and struck out into the darkness of the forest. Strokes of oak openings, then again into the densest growth of timber, we hurried on, never pausing, until we came to the edge of a monster tamarack swamp, whose beginnings were at the base of a high and steep hill. The great flakes of snow, which had begun to fall before we left the camp in the ravine, had so covered the ground that our steps were as noiseless as the steps of a cat. It was as if we were treading on velvet.

We paused at the door of a wigwam made of bark and skin, and so silent had been our approach that the giant dogs were not disturbed. We entered the lodge, and found three Indians and a squaw, who at first were startled at the singular entrance of a white stranger with rifle in hand; but their fears were soon dispelled by my Indian companion.

The fire was made to burn brightly, the guns were all placed on the side of the wigwam behind me, and while the flames danced upward, and sent out their scintillations through the little hole in the apex of the roof, to laugh to scorn the dampness, which now had fully burst, some slices of bear meat, as well as generous bits of venison, were duly prepared, and we indulged in an hour's feasting.

After a hearty meal some wolf skins were arranged for my special benefit, and I slept as safely and soundly as ever I had slept in my life.

There were many things belonging to the chase hanging around on the sides of the wigwam, and when morning came the squaw desired to show her appreciation of the "honor" done her by my strange visit by decking me with a lot of warrior emblems. Eagle's feathers, hawk's claws, owl's beaks and foxes' tails were among the decorations. The Indian woman wanted to weave some feathers in my hair, but the hair was too short and the effort was a failure. Nevertheless I was pretty thoroughly decked.

It was now time to return to the white man's land. The dusky son of the forest looked my rifle over, and offered me a fresh cup to put upon the nipple.

It was impossible for me to tell in which direction we went. There was no sun, nothing in the first forbidding sky, for the storm had not yet ceased. Night came while we were still on the tramp. We came to the hollow trunk of a fallen tree, and my copper gourd prepared to go into camp. He built a fire; we cooked our meat, and then crawled into the hole in the trunk.

It was a shivering night, but morning dawned at last, and after breakfast we went on our way.

When within a mile of the "sentinel pine" we came unexpectedly on the party of hunters, who, with horrid flourishes and threats, ordered us to run or be shot, for, with my Indian decoration, I was mistaken for an Indian.

But I secured a hearing and told them my experience, and how kind they had been treated. Their manner changed, and each hunter showed his appreciation of the Indian's kindness to me by giving him the greater part of his supply of powder, cap and ball, and a pledge that the tribe, of which he was a member, should be allowed to hunt and trade all that season without any further hindrance.

Every tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

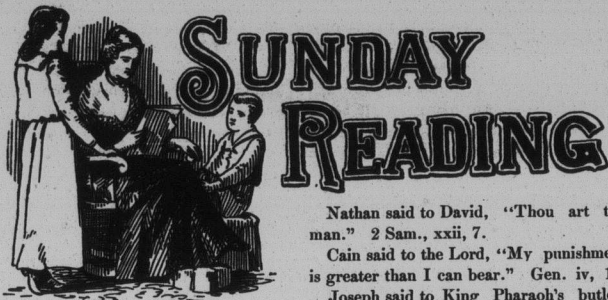
Balmoral Hotel, No. 40.

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INDIAN AND HUNTER

A Story for Young People.

seventeen years of age, but strong and fond of hunting. One day in the autumn of the year, when the lakes were beginning to flit with swan leaves that floated softly through the air...



SUNDAY READING

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

Although this competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, it is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday School. We have entrusted its management to one who is very competent to take charge of the department. In order to make the competition more interesting, the proprietor of PROGRESS will give One Dollar to the person who sends in the first correct answer to all the questions. We believe that this inducement will result not only in increasing the interest in the contest, but also in the acquisition of much information by those who search for the correct answers.

The following rules should be strictly observed:

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- 1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the Proprietor's office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration. 2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners, and a non-de-ponere may be adopted for publication. 3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks. 4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts. 5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," Editor PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

I have much pleasure in stating that Miss C. M. HARE is the successful competitor for Prize Bible Questions No. 2. Of the many answers, the following seven were correctly answered: Miss C. M. Hare, Miss Grace Hamilton Thomas, Miss Agnes Hanselpecker, Indiantown; Miss Ellie B. Gorham, Long Reach; Miss Marion B. Fraser, Chatham; Miss Carrie M. Moran and Master John Fwelling, Centreville.

I have no hesitation in saying that Miss C. M. Hare's answers are the best, as well as the first correct answers received. Among the competitors there seems to have been some doubt about the commandments broken to obtain possession of Naboth's vineyard; a great many omitted the eighth, while others substituted the third; now certainly Ahab broke the eighth when he took possession of Naboth's vineyard. There was a law in the history of England, when a person suffered capital punishment, for the crime of treason; his property and title were confiscated, which law was handed down from the feudal system, when the baron or vassal received his lands from the crown. The obligations the vassal was under were called homage, accompanied with an oath of fealty. But the Hebrews knew no such law. They received their lands from God (Lev. xxv., 23.) Their property was strictly entailed for their posterity (Numbers xxxv., 7, and in Ezekiel xxxvi., 18. The prince was forbidden to take the people's inheritance by oppression. The third commandment, blasphemy, was part of the accusation brought against Naboth by these false witnesses. Therefore the ninth was broken, and not the third. I am very much pleased to know you are all so familiar with your Bibles as to find out the different parts from which those expressions were taken, and hope you will continue to "search the scriptures," which are able to make you wise (2 Tim., iii., 15).

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 2. 1.—Give the name of a city where the Apostles were taken for Gods? ANS.—At the city of Lystra the people thought that Barnabas was Jupiter, and St. Paul was Mercurius. Acts, xiv. 12 and 21.

2. Give the name of the first gentile convert to christianity? ANS.—The first gentile convert to christianity was Cornelius. Acts, x. 45.

3.—How many commandments were broken in order that Ahab might obtain possession of Naboth's vineyard? ANS. The following commandments were broken in order that Ahab might gain possession of Naboth's vineyard. (1) The seventh, covetousness. 1 Kings, xxi. 4. (2) The sixth, murder, 1 Kings, xxi. 13. (3) The ninth, false witness. 1 Kings, xxi. 10. (4) The eighth, theft. 1 Kings, xxi. 16. Besides those our Lord's great commandment to "Love one another," was sadly violated. John, xiii. 34.

4.—By whom were each of the following expressions used, and to whom addressed? Has thou found me, O mine enemy? Thou art the man. My punishment is greater than I can bear. But think to me when I shall be well with thee. What is that to us? See thou to that.

ANS.—Ahab said to Elijah, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" 1 Kings, xxi. 20.

Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man." 2 Sam., xxii. 7.

Cain said to the Lord, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Gen. iv. 13.

Joseph said to King Pharaoh's butler, "But think on me when it shall be well with thee." Genesis xl. 14.

The chief priests and elders said to Judas, "What is that to us? See thou to that." St. Matt. xxvii., 4.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. 4.

1st. Give the name of a prophet who was cup-bearer to the King of Persia?

2nd. What kind of wood was used in building the temple, and where obtained?

3rd. Enumerate the different instances in which death is compared to sleep both in the old and new Testaments?

4th. When did a touch bring healing? When did a touch bring life? When was a touch to be punished with death?

A SERMON TO S. S. TEACHERS.

Rev. James Stalker, D. D. (Free St. Matthew's, Glasgow, 21st Sept., 1890.)

On Sunday afternoon last, in free St. Matthew's, Dr. Stalker delivered a thoughtful and practical address on the subject of Sabbath school teaching, which may with profit be read not only by teachers, but by all who have the welfare of our youth at heart. On the pulpit style of the esteemed and popular minister of St. Matthew's it is not necessary here to dwell. His oratory is absolutely unconventional, and even his prayers are not in the set phrases of many of his brethren. He is never passionate—he is, indeed, seldom emotional—but he is always natural and forcible and a plain exposition of the word at his hands is worth a hundred gymnastic performances inspired by German philosophy.

The text of the sermon hereafter reported was 1 Timothy, IV., 16, "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine: continue in them, for in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

This counsel said the preacher, was originally given to a young minister, but it is very suitable for christian workers of all description, and I think it will be found to contain a comprehensive message to Sabbath school teachers especially. It tells you who work for the Lord, that if you would be successful you must fix your attention on three things—on yourself, on your doctrine, and on them that hear you.

1. Take heed unto thyself. In all work for God, for that matter in all work for man, very much depends upon the personal character of those who engage in it. Take heed for instance; everything in his work depends upon his character. When a minister is settled for the first time in a congregation, there is very likely a kind of exaggeration of his gifts in the minds of the people, and for a while they listen to everything he says as if he were an oracle. But that very soon dies away; the magnifying nimbus is dissipated, he is seen in his true proportions, and people take his actual measure. They know perfectly well whether or not he is a scholar and a thinker, whether he spends the week preparing for Sabbath or wastes his time on trifles, or whether he is fully given up to the master or pursuing personal ends of his own, whether he is man of sincerity and solidly of character or a self-minded creature strutting in the garb of authority, and when they have made up their minds about him and formed in their thoughts an image of what he is, it is this image that they see when they look at him, and hear when they are listening to him. This image rises up every time he appears before them and stands behind him, and it gives either weight or insignificance to everything he says.

Or, take an illustration still closer to your own work. How much of the success of the Sabbath school depends on the superintendent. If it is a large school and he does not teach himself, it may seem indeed that he did not do much, but every teacher and every class feels his influence. Take, for instance, the essential matter of good order. It is quite impossible that teaching can be carried on with profit in an atmosphere of noise. Quietness is absolutely essential to the securing of close attention and the doing of fine work. But one superintendent may allow a noisy hum ring every now and then into exciting breaks of misrule, to fill the school from commencement to close, while another, with the gift of order and the genius of command, secures peace by his mere presence, almost without a word, and thus supplies every teacher in the school with the first essential condition of effective work.

But this principle which is so obvious in the case of a minister or a superintendent is quite as applicable to the case of a teacher. Everything in teaching depends upon the personal of the teacher. Do you think the children's eyes are less sharp than those of grown people? If this congregation or that congregation can take the measure of its minister's intellectual and spiritual stature, the children can take the measure of you. They know very well whether they are in the hands of an enthusiastic teacher or not; whether he really loves them and is interested in them, or simply comes there because the bell has rung and he is expected to be at his post; whether he comes to them prepared with the lesson of the day, or simply talks to fill up the time. I do not say that the children expressly pass these criticisms on their teachers, but I say that they feel even if they cannot express them, and they act accordingly. That is to say, if something is said to them worth listening to, they listen; if they are loved, they love; if their teachers have enthusiasm, they become enthusiastic. There are some teachers who are forgotten by their scholars as soon as the sermon which the connection between them. But here and there—let us hope at not very wide intervals—there is a teacher whom his scholars never forget. He is

their idol; they carry his image in their hearts, where they worship it with love and devotion. As time goes on, their images grow larger enlarged in the golden haze of childhood's recollection; he is to them an embodiment of christianity—I had almost said an embodiment of Christ—and the only proof they ever need that religion is a reality. They you must take heed to yourself for the children's sake.

But our text gives another reason—for your own sake—because it says: "By so doing, you will save yourself." What does that mean? It is a man saved by Sabbath School teaching. Ought he not to be saved before he commences to teach? Well, it may mean this: a man may have begun Sabbath school teaching before he is saved. He is pressed by the minister or the superintendent, and he slips into it he sure there are so many men and women in nature life who will say that if they love the bible and know anything about prayer and are attached to a church, it is because they have been Sabbath school teachers who took heed to themselves.

(c.) Take heed to the doctrine. This is the second advice that my text gives to teachers; and it means, take heed to the substance of your teaching; make sure that you have a message to deliver, and that it is God's message. The late Archbishop Whately used to say, "In the first place, be a good speaker and a bad one who the former had something to say and the latter had to say something. Well, a sabbath school teacher has to say something, no doubt. He is placed for a certain time on the Lord's day to entertain the minds of his pupils at week to him and, for them, if he has nothing to say.

I do not think, however, that the doctrine of a teacher can mean merely his preparation for the lesson on hand. It denotes more than this; the sum of conviction and knowledge accumulated in his mind, which he is to fall back on. Our Saviour uttered a very striking name for this. Once when speaking to his disciples about their work, he said, "Every scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven bringeth forth out of his treasure things which were not there." What is a teacher's treasure? It is the invisible receptacle in which is stored up all he learned, and he can only give out what he has once put in there. I should think that the treasures of different teachers are of all sorts and sizes; one is a scholar and a thinker, another is filled with fine, choice, solid, material; another is filled with useless odds and ends; one is like a pawnbroker's shop filled with miscellaneous articles scattered here and there; another is well arranged that its possessor knows where to lay his hand; another is a storehouse of knowledge out of a full mind; and always give the impression that there is plenty more behind. Still, one of the best ways to fill the treasury is to be faithful about each day's lesson as it comes; because this is the reward of teaching faithfully. It is not only a teacher's duty, but the reason not only serves its immediate purpose, but when it is done, it goes to add to the store gradually being accumulated in the mental treasury. No doubt it is well for a man before beginning to teach to accumulate as much knowledge as possible of books, and life; especially of the bible, but the younger teacher who knows that his mind is very barely furnished, need not despair, for if he is conscientious in preparing every lesson as it comes, he will be slowly accumulating a store which, with the blessing of God's spirit, will by degrees make him mighty in the scriptures and furnished to every good work.

The helps towards preparation of the lesson week by week, are now so cheap, as far as the information is concerned, the path of the teacher who conscientiously masters what is put into his hands is perfectly plain, and books of the most helpful kind are easily procurable.

I would venture to recommend to Sabbath school teachers, a wise extravagance in the purchase of books. You do not spend your money on drink, and therefore ought to have something to spare, for the entertainment of your mind. The other day calling at the house of a middle-aged man, I looked over the contents of the book case in his parlor, and I saw that his little library had been formed by his Sunday school teacher. There were Barnes' Notes, Matthew Henry's Commentary, and many another good book belonging to the apparatus of a teacher, and I was proud to see that a man who, when young, must have had very moderate means, had laid so solid a basis of culture. Do not be afraid to spend a few shillings on a good book such as Conybeare and Howson's Life of St. Paul, or Farrar's Life of Christ, or the volumes of the Cambridge bible for schools, or even a pound or two on a commentary like Matthew Henry or a good bible dictionary. There is no furniture so handsome as a good shelf of books.

But you have not given sufficient heed to "the doctrine," when you have merely mastered the information of the lesson, which you have on hand. I remember once when I was a younger minister than I am today preaching in a country church and walking home with a gentleman after the sermon, when I was staying; as we walked he made the remark, that in his opinion every sermon ought to do two things, it ought to interest and it ought to

impress. I did not just at the moment see the difference between reflecting on it, I came to consider it a very important one. A sermon may interest by communicating curious information, or following some novel line of thought, it may keep the attention of the congregation on the strain, yet, it may fall to impress, to hush and to overawe. You know the difference between going away from the church simply pleased and going away moved, wishing to be in solitude where you can meditate and pray. You know the silence that falls on a congregation sometimes at the close, when a preacher, full of the Holy Ghost, is striving with his hearers and they forget the church and the congregation and feel themselves face to face with the powers of the world to come. Now the teacher also has to impress as well as to interest. How is it done? Information got from books and clearly and pleasantly communicated will interest; but more is needed to impress, it requires conviction, heart and earnestness of purpose. Some teachers are indeed so earnest that they give no information at all, but spend their whole time in appeals to believe and come to Jesus. But they miss the mark, for nothing is so stale and unprofitable as the same exhortations constantly repeated. Information and exhortation ought to go together, or rather the one ought to raise out of the other.

Information lies on the surface; but after you have made use of it, let your mind penetrate beneath the surface, and working round and round go deeper and deeper, till it reaches the central fire which lies beneath all the texts, and the fiery jet, as it springs aloft, will touch other minds and set on fire.

(c.) Take heed to them that hear you. This is not, perhaps, directly said in the text, though the words, "continue in them," possibly mean "be urgent with them," that is with them that hear you. So Bengel thought and he was a good scholar, but at any rate, it is obviously implied. If you would be a successful teacher, you must take heed to the children, that is, you must study them and try to understand them. It will be of little use to study "the doctrine" unless you also study their minds to which it has to be applied, for it has to be applied in the one way to the old and in another to the young. You must study child-nature and child-life in general. Do you know men or children to higher attainments, in either knowledge or conduct, is to go down and meet them where they are, take them sympathetically by the hand, and lead them step by step.

But if we are to do them any good, we must believe in them. So many will be a successful teacher who has not a high and reverent conception of the possibilities and capabilities of children. Believe in their intellectual capabilities. There are some faculties which are more vigorous in childhood than at any subsequent period of life. This is especially the case with the memory. [A child will learn in a few minutes what a man could not commit to memory with perfect accuracy after the labor of hours. Childhood, therefore, is the time to store the mind with those parts of knowledge which may be called the grammar of subsequent acquisition.] I was much struck the other day to hear from a gentleman who devotes his life to philanthropic work among working lads in the east of London that he finds it almost impossible to speak to his young scholars on the theme, because they have no knowledge of the language of scripture truth, or even of the personages of scripture story. Having no knowledge of scripture, so to speak, they cannot refer any incident or character to the place to which it belongs. Teachers kindly realize how important is the service they are rendering to the children and the church when they are acquainting themselves with the names and doctrines of the bible. For one thing they are making it possible for ministers to preach to them in their subsequent life.

But it is only the memory of childhood we can trust. I have heard people object to children being taught the catechism because they cannot understand it. Well, even if they cannot understand it, it does not prove that they should not be taught it. Children learn many things, whilst the memory is in the flexible and receptive state characteristic of childhood which they do not understand at that time. They do not understand what is the use of Greek or algebra, and indeed oft say bitterly what is the use of it. But they know afterwards, and a delightful thing it is, when practical life begins, gradually to find out things learned at school which they seemed useless. In the same way many of us can remember how, when our childhood was over, the phrases and answers of the catechism came up one by one, flashing into meaning as the light of life's growing experience fell on them, without perhaps understanding it, we possessed an interpretation of the mystery of existence.

But are you sure they cannot understand it? It is easy to underestimate the power of children to understand. We are often talking down to them when they do not understand. The truth is, the mind of childhood is often a very theological mind; it is full of wonder, as it opens its eyes on this marvellous world, and the doctrine of an infinite power and an infinite love answers their heart's yearning. I have sometimes heard city ministers in pulpits in the country, who evidently thought it was not safe to give their best and strongest thinking there, and tried to make themselves excessively simple to the country people, who all the time were easily looking over their heads, and we may commit the same mistake with children.

Above all the true teacher must believe in the spiritual capacities of his scholars. It is here we make the worst mistake of all. We forget our childhood, we forget how real religion was to us then, how distinctly we saw the infinite difference between right and wrong, how we were moved by the terror of God's law and thrilled with the story of redeeming love. We forget that what were these children are now. The same drama of pain and conviction and resolution is going on in their minds. Who is the great teacher? It is the man who rises before the commonest audience, however poor or rustic it may be, feels an infinite respect for their manhood, believes

in them there are all the elements of human nature—love and hate, guilt and remorse, aspiration and self contempt, and flings himself in perfect trust on their sympathy and intelligence. And he is the true teacher, who standing before his class, is filled with like reverence, and lays his fingers on the keys of the soul, confident that the hidden music will respond.

This is the kind of teaching which will attain that which is given in our text, as the grand aim of teaching—"By so doing, thou wilt save them that hear thee." What an achievement! People discuss whether children can be saved. I think that as a minister I magnify my office and preach with great hope of doing good. But, teachers, yours is far the more hopeful work than ours. I do not say that no good is done unless your scholars are saved. I think a wise teacher will work for distant as well as immediate results; but never let your aim for a moment out of your view, never omit it for a day from your prayers—that you may save them that hear you.

Something for Mothers to Get Their Boys to Read and Think Over.

Truth, not eloquence, is to be sought for in holy scripture. Each part of the scripture is to be read with the same spirit wherewith it was written. We should rather search after profit in the scriptures, than after subtle arguments. We ought to read plain and devout books as willingly as those of high and profound.

Let not the authority of the writer be a stumbling-block, whether he be of great or small learning, but let the love of pure truth draw thee to read. Enquire not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken.

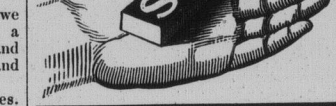
Men pass away, but the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever. God speaks unto us in sundry ways without respect of persons.

Our own curiosity often hindereth us in reading of the scriptures when we will examine and discuss that which we should rather pass over without more ado.

If thou desire to profit, read with humility, simplicity and faithfulness, nor ever desire the repute of learning. Enquire willingly, and hear with silence the words of holy men.

Let not the parables of the elders displeasure thee, for they are not given without cause.

—F. L. Homer.



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A Prayer.

Almighty Father, God of Infinite Truth and Purity, let there be sorrow, not fearful and despairing, but true and tender, in our hearts, as we remember and confess in Thy presence our manifold sins and wickedness. We are much that we ought not to be; we are little that we ought to be. Life might be so noble and faithful, and we often make it so mean and false. We look back through our days and we see much weakness, and failure, and defeat. Deal with us, not according to our poor deservings and our sinfulness, but according to Thy goodness and mercy made known to us through Jesus Christ our Lord. O, Infinite Love, help us to depart from evil and to do good; purge and purify our hearts; redeem us into a life of truth, and purity, and charity; give us grace daily to follow Thy law faithfully—to seek everything that is true, to do everything that is right, to love everything that is good. Save us from pride, perversity, and vanity; from the small and narrow mind, the unrelenting temper, the unympathetic heart. Strengthen us to walk steadfastly in the footsteps of Thy Son, the Lord of childhood and brotherliness, of submission and self-sacrifice. May we take to our duties as He took to His; may we bear our sorrows as He bore His. In all the relations and services of life may we keep His new commandment of love; and, by bearing one another's burdens, may we fulfil the law of His cross, and fill up that which is behind of His sufferings. And this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

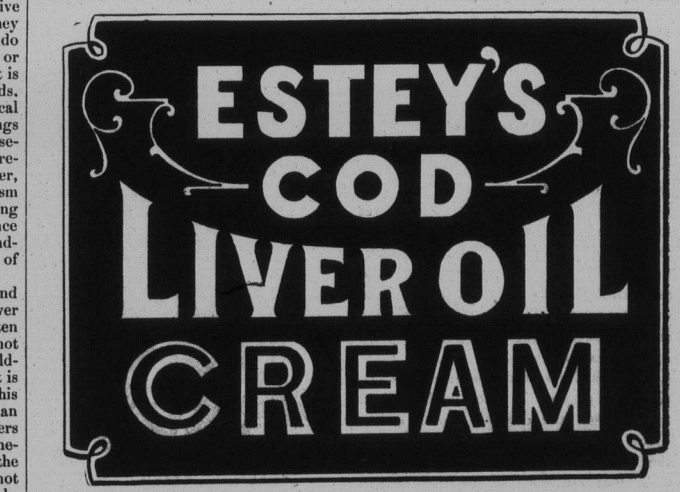
"Our Country."

O beautiful, our country: Be thine a nobler care Than all thy wealth of commerce, Thy harvest waving fair: Be it thy pride to lift up The manhood of the poor: Be thou to the oppressed, Fair Freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered, For thee they toiled and prayed: Upon thy holy altar, Their willing lives they laid. Thou hast no common birthright, And noblesse on thee shine: The blood of pilgrim nations Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country: Resources in love we saw: Thine be the grace of freedom, The majesty of Law. Be righteous as the scriptures, Justice thy gladden: And on thy shining forehead Be peace the crowning gem.

—F. L. Homer.



THE MOST PERFECT AND PALATABLE PREPARATION OF COD LIVER OIL ON THE MARKET.

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THE MOST DELICATE STOMACH RETAINS IT. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS—PRICE 50 CTS.

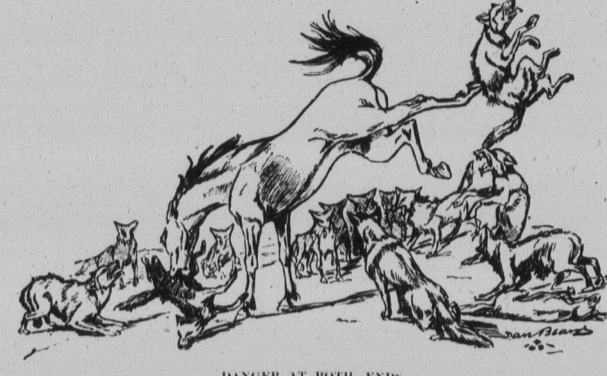
THE PRAIRIE WOLVES.

FINE WINTER SPORT FOR THE HUNSMEN.

Bounties Paid for Wolf and Coyote Scalps to Protect Stock—Terrible Battle Between a Durham Bull and Twenty-Two Hungry Wolves—How Cattle Protect Themselves.

AXTER'S ranch, near Cheyenne, Wyoming, is where several wolf hunts have recently been held. This is the favorite sport on the great plains this winter. The bounty on the scalps has also caused many to trap and poison both wolves and coyotes.

From 15 to 30 men make a good hunting party, to round up the wolves. A day having been set for the chase, the sportsmen scatter out over the plains, covering, sometimes an area of 10 miles, for the purpose of driving the wolves toward a common centre. The wolves have their haunts



ANGER AT BOTH ENDS.

along certain streams and in this locality the hunt is made. Many of the streams have hardly a shrub or tree along their banks, and the hunters are thus afforded a large open country in which to make the chase. They begin to ride towards the centre. When a wolf is sighted it is shot by some of the expert marksmen of the plains, or to increase the interest in the sport, the bounds are given an opportunity for a run. Rifles and shot guns are the weapons generally used. The great expanse of level plain, which is only broken occasionally by sand hills, gives a fine opportunity for a hunt, and it is a rare instance when a wolf makes its escape through the circle. The wolves, coyotes and swits all have their dens under ground, and sometimes they succeed in running into these lairs when hard pressed by hunters and hounds.

It is fine sport when the ever narrowing circle has two or more wolves rounded up, in an area of about a mile. An attempt of a wolf to escape on one side being frustrated it runs in the opposite direction, only to be headed off by hunters and dogs. Wolves and dogs are sometimes permitted



COYOTES SUCKING THE BLOOD OF SHEEP.

to fight it out in the centre. The wolf is cowardly, but when wounded and at bay will sometimes make a hard fight. Thus the sport continues until the wolves are all captured or killed. The hunt is not always a success, but often several of them are taken by the huntsmen of the plains.

I have recently made a four week's journey over the plains along the Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and Kansas line, and many an interesting story is told by the frontiersman of the wolves, and how they are captured. The occasional wolf hunt is had more for the sport it affords, yet there are some known as wolf hunters, and follow it as a business. The state bounty, together with the extra paid by some cattle associations, make the wolf and coyote scalp bounty \$2. The coyote is not a game animal like the gray wolf, and its capture is not so exciting a sport.

The prairie wolf of the great Western plains is grayish in color, and is a little smaller than the common wolf. I was shown the flesh hide of a prairie wolf at the county treasurer's office at Sterling, Col., that measured six feet from nose to tip of the tail. The small streaks of black along the back give it a grizzled appearance. The jaw is strong and the teeth sharp. The coyote, also known as a prairie wolf, is not so large and dangerous as the gray wolf of the prairie, and is also called the American jackal and Mexican prairie wolf. The Indian dogs, which so much resemble the wolf, are said to be a cross breed with prairie wolf, coyote, and the dog.

Wolves, coyotes and all such animals on the plains make their homes underground. They dig a hole about two feet in diameter and at an angle of 45 degrees and at a depth of from 6 to 10 feet excavate their underground den, where they make their abode after a successful raid for food. In

these dens they also breed their young in the Spring, their litters numbering from 4 to 9.

The prairie wolf shuns the abode of man, unless hunger forces it to attack stock even near the ranchman's house. But coyotes will come up near the frontiersman's house, and make the night hideous with their yelping noises. They will kill sheep, calves, pigs and poultry. Coyotes will not only slaughter sheep by the wholesale, but will suck their blood, and have many of the traits of a "sheep killing dog." It is the prairie wolf that preys upon the largest stock on the plains. The largest bull and fleetest horse become their prey, when maddened by hunger. So great has been the loss to stock in Texas, that the question has been urged at the present session of the legislature to increase the bounty. Some counties in the States on the plains claim that their financial resources have been greatly impaired by the payment of scalp bounties for wolves and coyotes. From Wyoming and Nebraska, south to Texas, the question of "for" or "against" these bounties has been agitated in the various legislatures. The stockmen lose hundreds

and thus give the stock no opportunity to rest. "We rushed our horses at full speed," continued Sheriff Lovell "for we could see the fight going on when some distance from the battle. We were none too soon, for that strong Durham bull would soon have become the prey of the wolves. Several pounds of flesh had already been eaten from the flanks and other parts of the body, although the bull had not yet fallen."

"Cattle will sometimes bunch themselves in a circle, heads out, making a kind of corral with calves in the centre," said Sheriff Lovell. "With this plan of horns against them, the wolves have but little chance to kill them. It is instinct with cattle to bunch when in danger. I have seen a large herd, scattered over a large territory, suddenly rush together when alarmed or in supposed danger. It is the lone steer or horse that becomes a prey to the wolves. The cow boys used to lasso wolves and antelope just for the fun of it, and would occasionally capture a buffalo in the same way. I have seen Frank Tate, who was in the Pan Handle of Texas when I last heard of him, rope an antelope. John Williams, now in Warrensburg, Missouri, used to work for me on the cattle trails, and was very expert with the lasso. One day we ran across a prairie wolf on the trail, and Williams, jerking up his lasso, started in swift pursuit. It was a lively chase over the plains, and Williams landed on the wolf's head and started back on a full gallop, dragging the strangled wolf along the trail.

Wolves are often captured now in steel traps and also by putting poison in dead animals. So many wolves have been poisoned in attacking human beings. It has happened that they are becoming a little shy of dead bodies. The steel trap is set on the wolves trails, or around a dead carcass, and a good many are taken in this way. "I have recently sold two dozen steel traps for this purpose," said a frontier hardware merchant on the plains when I questioned him on the subject.

The prairie wolf and coyote have always been robbers of the frontier cemetery. The old-time hunter and trapper would often bury his dead comrade in the western rivers to save the corpse from these jackals of the plains. When the body is put in a grave heavy sticks of timber and rocks are placed over it to protect it, but often the burial party have seen prairie wolves or coyotes scratching at the new made grave before they were out of sight.

WILL C. FERRELL.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS.

Friday an Ill Omened Day in England but not in America.

It is not long since the common prayer book reminded us specially of the 5th of November, a day the celebration of which is in most parts now dying out. The 5th of November following the union with Ireland, in 1800, was the day on which the title king of France was abandoned by English sovereigns after being borne for four hundred and thirty-two years. It was in consequence of this that our foreign official correspondence ceased to be carried on, as up to that time had been the case, in French. Days of the week have frequently had various influences assigned to them, some productive of good, some of bad fortune. But by common consent Friday has been pitched upon as an unlucky day, and is in England still esteemed so, inasmuch as sailors, it is well known, dislike to sail on Friday, and a popular actress refusing to take her benefit on that day. But the Americans, who pride themselves on their superiority to the superstitions of our forefathers, have discovered that for them at least, Friday is a day of good omen. It was on a Friday that Christopher Columbus set sail, on a Friday that he first discovered land, on a Friday that he arrived for the second time at the coast of America. The first American state paper in England is a commission from Henry VII. to John Cabot, dated Friday, March 5, 1496, and which led to the discovery of North America. The oldest town in the United States, St. Augustine, was founded on Friday, September 7, 1565, by Melendez. Friday was the day of the arrival of the Mayflower with the pilgrim fathers, 1620; of the birth of George Washington; of the surrender of Yorktown; and of the motion in congress in favor of independence. We are not likely, therefore, to find in America any tradition of an old Lancashire custom mentioned some time ago in Notes and Queries. It appears that when a woman comes courting on a Friday in Lancashire the malevolent spirits are averted by beating frying-pans.—English Paper.

At Yuma, Colorado, near the Kansas-Nebraska corner, Sheriff M. R. Lovell, an old-time foreman of cowboys on the cattle trails, related to me some stories of how wolves prey upon stock. He has had an



IN FULL CHRY.

experience of 15 years in the cattle business and is familiar with the traits of the prairie wolf. "In one of our herds," he said to me, while chatting in his office a few days ago at Yuma, "we had a fine Durham bull, weighing about 1,300 pounds. One morning, accompanied by two cowboys, I was going over our range and found this bull surrounded by a pack of 22 grey prairie wolves. They had chased him several miles, as the trail showed, the bull

at times turning for a fight and then continuing in his attempt to escape. They had bitten pieces of flesh out of his flanks as was shown by blood on the snow, and an examination found a little blood when we came upon the bull he seemed to have stopped for his last fight.

Roaring and bellowing with pain, and pawing the earth, he was attempting to keep off these 22 wolves. At times he would rush upon them in his madness, which would give those behind him another chance to snap and bite at his hind legs in their attempt to hamstring him. A large pack will work in shifts, resting each other,



CAPTURING A GRAY WOLF.

and thus give the stock no opportunity to rest. "We rushed our horses at full speed," continued Sheriff Lovell "for we could see the fight going on when some distance from the battle. We were none too soon, for that strong Durham bull would soon have become the prey of the wolves. Several pounds of flesh had already been eaten from the flanks and other parts of the body, although the bull had not yet fallen."

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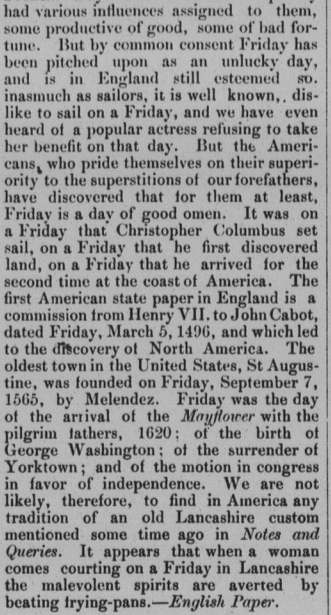
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ONE HUNDRED A WEEK.

THAT IS THE WAY THE BOOKS ARE GOING.

Dictionaries Going as Fast as We Can Get Them—Some Idea of the Book and What People Say About It—Wonderful Value for the Money.

The article that follows this introduction appeared in the last issue of PROGRESS, and was so thoroughly successful in drawing attention to the wonderful edition of Webster's dictionary that it is repeated. More than one hundred copies of the dictionary have been sold with PROGRESS since that date, and the demand for them is increasing every day.

Perhaps the biggest surprise about PROGRESS office now is the edition of Webster's dictionary. We have not spoken of it before, except in the way of an announcement or two which simply quoted the combination price with PROGRESS. The same book was used in this city about the holiday season as a "leader,"—which means, as most people know, that the article is reduced to about wholesale prices for the retail trade. At that time the people were busy and while there was a good sale, holiday goods had the preference. By guaranteeing to dispose of a very large number of this edition of Webster's Unabridged dictionary, PROGRESS has obtained control of its sale for the provinces. Less sanguine friends laughed at the idea of the paper being able to dispose of more than half the number, but they did not realize how a really good article at remarkable value takes with the people. The first lot went off in two or three days after the announcement was made and the second lot is going even faster than the first. Last Saturday morning between 10 and 12 o'clock no less than ten persons called personally at the office and carried off the book with them. Each of them was well pleased, for, while the cut of the dictionary is attractive it does not by any means show just how handsome the volume is. The invariable remark is, "How can such a book as that be gotten up for \$1.75," for that is what it costs in addition to the \$2.00 a year for PROGRESS—\$3.75 in all. Several ladies made the same remark when they called to see the book: "I want it for the children," and one of them frankly stated that children often asked puzzling questions which were difficult to answer offhand. "We have a small dictionary, but Webster's is such a mine of information that it answers every purpose and every question."

And that is literally true. The book that PROGRESS controls contains not only 1,500 pages, but an appendix that brings it up to over 1,800 pages. Many people will listen to this but are still skeptical and ask, "Isn't that dictionary old enough to vote?" There is only one reply to this, and it is conclusive. It is the standard Webster's dictionary on which the copyright expired last year. By reason of that copyright the price ranged from \$12 to \$15. The writer paid \$13 for his volume only 18 months ago, and it is identical in contents with the one PROGRESS is now offering at such a remarkable price.

A well known clergyman who called at the office a few days ago saw the book, and not having seen PROGRESS' announcement, asked what it was worth. "What would you say it was worth?" was the reply. He looked through the book carefully, and said, "The print is good, the binding handsome and heavy, almost equal to that on my own. I have both editions of Webster—they were sent to me for my opinion—so I did not have to pay anything for them, but I should say this book is worth at least \$6."

"I will give it to you with the 16-page PROGRESS for a whole year for \$3.75. He was too surprised to speak for a moment and his parting words were, "I cannot understand it." And this was from a judge of books—an educated man who was selected to pass an opinion upon copyright editions of Webster!

It would be superfluous for PROGRESS to begin to praise the dictionary that the authorities of the world have united in saying is the best work of its kind extant. It is in very truth the dictionary of dictionaries. It is more, for within its pages can be found all the information that is of practical use to the every day man. Besides being a dictionary of pronunciation and spelling, it is a dictionary of synonyms and quotations. How often when one is writing do words get mixed; how often one wonders whether such a word is spelled right or wrong? Men and women who can spell every ordinary English word, often get puzzled by the very simplest. Again when one is writing, how often do the same words crop up. There is nothing so provoking as to read an article over after writing it and find a repetition of words. It is hard always to think of other words that will express the same meaning. If Webster's dictionary is at hand difficulties disappear—spelling does not trouble one, and with 10,000 synonyms to choose from there can be no repetition of words.

There are still many persons who, when writing, will persist in using numerous quotations—Latin and French most commonly, but also from other languages not so well known. The ordinary reader is

not a French translator, and has not gone to college or high school for a sufficient period to have the meaning of Latin phrases at the end of his tongue. He stumbles over some common French quotation and is puzzled, loses the thread of the article, and throws it down in disgust. If he had Webster he could find it in a few seconds, and learn something else at the same time.

For example, how many people understand or know anything about the proof marks of the printer? Every merchant has more or less printing done, and if he is particular as he should be, he knows what his job is going to look like before it goes on the press. In other words, he reads his own proof. If he does, it is 100 to 1 that he does not know how to make out this word or that letter, or alter or make the necessary changes. He is at a loss and at a disadvantage. If Webster's dictionary was on his desk, there would be an end to all this. The printer's proof marks are not only all there, but they are explained and made as clear as noon day.

It would take too many columns of the paper to speak of everything in this book. This much may be added that there is a perfect wealth of carefully made and correct illustrations, some 1,500 in all, which would be invaluable to the student of natural history, or anyone else who is curious enough to want to know what animals or fishes or birds unknown to him look like.

PROGRESS offers the book as an inducement to subscribers. It is offered at a figure that cannot be competed against by any other than the publisher, and to get the books from him at \$1.75 would call for an

order for several hundred copies. PROGRESS and Webster's dictionary to old subscribers, whose subscription expired before February 1st, for \$3.25, and to those whose subscriptions expired during February, and new subscribers for \$3.75. What better value can be found for the money?

The Care of the Hands.

There are not nearly as many secrets in hand treatment as people imagine. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clear and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean, but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes some skins harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for it, but all can make it. They also make the Roman toilet paste. It is merely the white of an egg, barley flour and honey. They say it was used by the Romans in olden times. At any rate, it is a first rate thing, but it is sticky and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in the space of a month by doctoring them a little at bedtime, and all the tools you need are a nail brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and a little fine white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon, which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean anything.—New York Ledger.

For suppressions, female weakness, nervousness, etc., Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail. They have no equal as a blood tonic and nerve builder. Equally good for men and women.

SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER. IN PAIN are you? Well don't be any longer. SAUNDERS' PAIN RELIEVER cures Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Inflammation, Coughs, Colds, Lame Back, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest or Side, Sprains and Bruises, quickly. Sold by leading Druggists.

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LOVE THEIR CHILDREN to look nice. Post yourself in regard to the painting, and see A. G. STAPLES.

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They Can't as They W Order of the up to Now.

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GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TALKS OF THE FADS THAT KEEP THE GIRLS AWAKE IN LENT.

They Can't and They Won't be Secluded as They Were a Year Ago—The Proper Order of the Day—What Madame Patti is up to Now.

Something had to be done to enliven the monotony of the Lenten season. The girls made up their minds to that a year ago, when forty consecutive mornings found them plodding to early prayers, forty consecutive afternoons saw them seated at Lenten lectures for women alone, and forty consecutive evenings beheld them first at



AT THE BALL.

veespers and then at even-prayer. For forty days and forty nights never so much of a sweet as a chocolate drop passed their lips, nor was a gay gown upon their backs, nor did even a little skip escape their feet.

This year they declared that they would reform. That they had committed the grievous sin of being righteous over much they all knew. And they agreed that such things must not be repeated. So this is the Lenten proper order of the day.

Morning—prayers as heretofore, a little shopping expedition—no money must be spent however, and not more than ten minutes can be spent in riotously gazing in any single window. Afternoon—A Browning or an Arnold or a Shakespeare reading in hall or parlor with a single glass of soda—not ice cream soda, of course—afterward. Vespers on the way home. A good dinner and dessert as usual. Evening—a quiet chat with Jack in the back parlor, or in the small, quietly furnished reception room. Some little piece of fancy work must be always in hand. This bit of industry should, preferably, take the form of a mitre box with an embroidered cover for the stray bits of coin that are to form the Easter offering.

A few very worldly young women indulge in quiet little fancy dress parties, such as the young Princesses of Wales improvise for an evening's entertainment. Only solo dancing is done at these, for it is deemed too earthly and fleshly a thing to permit a masculine arm to encircle the waist. All kinds and conditions of pretty costumes are devised for the evening's frolic. An allegorical representation is a favorite form of entertainment. Or a certain well-known fable, such as "Dick Whittington and His Cat," "Simple Simon and the Pieman," or the Mother Goose rhymes, may be carried out in appropriate costume.

Quite frequently one finds among the lassies one who can dance cleverly, and who is willing to trip lightly for the benefit of the assembled group. Spanish fandango, Scottish reels and Irish jigs are sure to be favorites with every one.

Another Lenten diversion, less harmless than the simple little fancy dress party, is the playing with human hearts, which amusements the young women of the season think is specially adapted to the quietness and monotony of the time.

"Why do you flirt so desperately with young Mr. Tenderheart?" was asked of a demure little miss with hair snugly banded about her head, and the quietest of churchly greys upon her *sweet* little figure.

"I am not flirting," said she, "not really flirting but I have to say pretty things to some one, or I shall get out of practice. I do not mean to tease him, but he worries one so that I am obliged to—sometimes. And, then, he is so unreasonable. For instance, he teased me last night into confessing that I loved him and today, when

the balls had broken up in due season, all would have been well, but they lingered on into the "wee sma'" until broad daylight, leaving the merry-goers in a state of collapse rivalled only by the waiter, who contradicted John L. in a public restaurant one day last week.

"Oh, take this flower, dear love!" is one of the proper songs of the day, for the young miss who measures her affection by words, and bestows her favors like flowers upon the admirers who flock about her to do homage. At the afternoon tea, or the evening gathering, it is the pretty caper for the hostess to strew the piano and mantels with daffodils, crocus, lily-of-the-valley and violets. A single flower is given to each gentleman as he departs, and to each lady is presented a corsage bouquet. As a mark of special favor, it is permissible for a young woman to exchange a section of her posy for the blossom given the young man whom she deigns to favor. By this sign it is understood that the young woman considers the young man her friend and admirer, and hopes that her memory may linger with him after the scent of the flower has departed.

Oh, young men of the day! If there is one among you who is kind and honorable and true, who is loyal to his word, faithful to the memory of friends, regarding women as a sacred trust and not as lawful prey to his fascinations, if there be such a one, let him step forth that I may look upon you. May I, when I find you, give a gift into your keeping that shall testify that I have found a man with whom I would recommend all womenkind to enter into a sacred bond of friendship and love that may seem desirable to them? CARRIE CARELESS.



A PLEASING UNCERTAINTY.

does the stupid fellow do, but come here with a ring, a great big double headed, a diamond and a moonstone. I had forgotten all about last evening—and now he says I am cruel. Isn't he unreasonable?"

Let all the men take lessons from this little instance and believe nothing that they hear from the lips of the fair young devotees and but a grain of what they say in the shape of demureness in the matter of dress and manners. Let them appreciate the fact that it is lent and that the girls are saying pretty things merely as a safety-valve for the exuberance of the effervescence

AS SPRING DRAWS NEAR

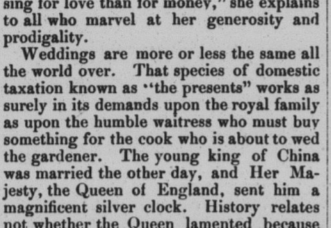
FLOWERS ARE ARILOOM ON BONNETS AND GAUZY PARASOLS.

Now are the Days When Women "Try On" at the Early Openings—Their Hearts go Out to Jackets With Sewed-on Basques and Edges of Gold Braid.

New York, Mar. 6.—When the sun smiles the air is full of the odor of violets. All the women wear them, and the flower boys—there are flower girls only at the dinner hour in the restaurants—sell them, purple and white, for 10 cents a nosogay. There art violets in the milliners' windows with very deep pink purple lilacs and golden dandelions.

Last winter when Patti made up her mind that she would not sing to her New York audience, after every seat in the house and even every foot of standing room had been sold, the management went wild with grief and fury, offering limitless sums for a single trill. But the saucy little Diva was capricious and declared that neither money nor tears should prevail with her. This year she is pouring out her sweet voice upon the simple villagers without money and without price. "It is so much easier to sing for love than for money," she explains to all who marvel at her generosity and prodigality.

Weddings are more or less the same all the world over. That species of domestic taxation known as "the presents" works as surely in its demands upon the royal family as upon the humble waitress who must buy something for the cook who is about to wed the gardener. The young king of China was married the other day, and Her Majesty, the Queen of England, sent him a magnificent silver clock. History relates not whether the Queen lamented because an Indian shawl could not do royal duty upon this occasion. It only states that the clock was sent because the King of China had sent the Queen beautiful presents Jubilee time.



THE DAY AFTER THE BALL.

Living violets are crushed against the glass while bright eyes study the violet crowned toques set out for the city's admiration. These sparkle with jet in one case out of every three. Jet balls are strung in fillets and three fillets make a hat with a bunch of violets and a standing bow of lace give some support to the illusion that the hat is covered.

Winglike leaves of jet clasp the head and fall in shell-shaped scallops in glittering bravery over the forehead. Black velvet ribbons loosely knot the leaves together and hold small yellow blossoms of the creeping cinquefoil.

Loosely woven straws of open mesh and lacelike patterns meet one's eye, and these are edged sometimes—so does fashion draw fashion in its train—with narrow straw ruffles. Black straws come forward in three round curves over the brow; they turn up with a certain pertness behind. Gold colored straws lie flat and close to the brown curls they adorn.

A theatre turban of cloud-grey gauze is studded with turquoise beads. It has a puckered trim of blue ribbon and a bunch of blue tips behind.

A large hat of dark tan-colored straw has a brim that comes in a sharp point forward. Two bands of deep blue velvet ribbon are twisted around it, and it is wreathed with blue myrtle flowers.

A hat of black lace has a flaring ruche for a brim that is oddly stiffened. Dandelion flowers and blowways brighten it, and over these quiver gold and black butterflies.

A tall, pale girl with heavy twists of dull gold hair was "trying on" this morning before a mirror. The saleswoman brought her a small toque of yellow straw, flat and nearly round and overlaid with fronds of the maiden-hair fern, their brown stems tied together at the back with strings of narrow green velvet ribbon. She looked fresh from the woodland, virginal.

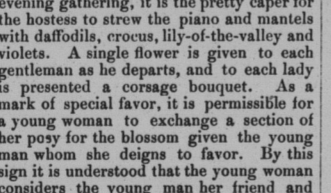
Then the salesgirl brought a flat hat of black net, with a thick wreath of yellow acacia blossoms as a bandeau below the brim, lifting the hat clear off the head audaciously. Long black streamers were to tie in front, and the girl looked as if she could flirt a bit, may be.

Then the salesgirl brought something in black lisse, small, compact, drawn on wires. Three half-inch ruffles of gold lace edged it and gave a peculiar flounced appearance. Three gold-colored pansies lazily spread their warm petals. The girl looked self-centered, serenely satisfied.

The balls had broken up in due season, all would have been well, but they lingered on into the "wee sma'" until broad daylight, leaving the merry-goers in a state of collapse rivalled only by the waiter, who contradicted John L. in a public restaurant one day last week.

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WRAP OF BLUE-GRAY CLOTH.

Last of all the salesgirl brought three concentric twists of crepe one gold, one cream and one black, each twist knotted in front in a wing-like, sentinel bow, standing pertly erect and the trio tied in the back with "blowways" and black velvet ribbons. The girl looked "stylish"—I think I never was guilty of writing the word before—she ordered the hat sent home and

SOME BRIGHT NOVELTIES

THE VERY LATEST THINGS IN FASHION'S WORLD.

Told By One of "Progress" New York Fashion Correspondents For the Benefit of Mothers With Young Girls to Dress—What is Worn.

New York, March 4.—As the days grow longer there is a fore-shadowing of spring, and during the penitential season of Lent, when one is supposedly mortifying the flesh, careful mothers find leisure to attend to the wants of the little ones.

The spring fabrics are opened just after the holidays, so that the careful housewife may early make her selections. For the

coming days when the air grows balmy and the wintry gowns and wraps must be exchanged for lighter ones, there are a number of pretty conceits for clothing baby, his toddling brother and his twelve-year old sister.

For half-grown girls there is nothing peculiarly distinctive, as they wear the tailor jackets and the big hats of eccentric shape and of scarcely less diminutive size than those of grown-up Maude, who has just made her debut in society.

Canvas cloth is a new weave of which is made the pretty and convenient refer and the long ulsterette, which is just the thing for school, as it covers the worn dress which has seen service during the winter.

A charming coat of light checked camels-hair in Newmarket shape has big buttons of smoked pearl and an officer's cape thrown over the shoulder and held by a long steel buckle.

Another coat is of ocean-blue canvas cloth edged with gilt braid and tied at the neck with a golden cord terminating in spikes.

The tan and beige colors predominate in coats and jackets and also the plain greys, natural homespuns and light-weight fabrics, which are among the most favored materials and plain cloth, diagonal and chubbud.

The big button mania has also spread to young peoples jackets, and some of the pearl buttons are very ornate, being beautifully carved and necessarily expensive.

Velvet, ottoman and bengaline sleeves are used, and for children who are all elbows, it is a very economical fashion, as the worn sleeve can be replaced without the bother of getting an extra match.

For girls of twelve years old little else obtains but the full English skirts and the Gretchen waist. A pretty and not costly gown is of challie with a cream ground strewn with small scarlet water-spots; the round waist is shirred, and beneath is a guimpe of white silk; two flaps of the material come from beneath the arm and end in points which come together at the waist; they are barred with narrow red ribbon and tied with the same, the ends falling over the skirt. The full sleeves have deep cuffs trimmed with ribbon.

The little gowns of shepherd's plaid in the prevailing colors are very useful, and when stylishly made exceedingly smart and becoming.

Neatness and suitability are two of the factors to be observed in the dressing of children, and she is a wise mother who can preserve the means between befurbled finery and unbecoming severity.

The fancy aprons are among the best things for brightening up a sombre toilet of the dirt-defying order, these short-sleeved low-necked garments imparting an air of freshness and daintiness to the child; many of them are high-necked and almost take the place of a dress.

An apron of black alapaca featherstitched in a color will be found just the thing for the school room, as it needs no laundering and is always ready for such an emergency as to cover grease spots, a torn width or a rubbed sleeve.

For wee tots the finest cloaks are of ottoman or bengaline silk made with the French back and the loose pleated or gathered front, the handsomest are silk-lined and have enormous pearl buttons and big full sleeves with velvet collars and cuffs; silver-grey, pale brown and Edison blue are among the preferred colors.

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ELLEN OSBORN.

Black and White.

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THE DAINTIEST OF NEW HATS.

TO NEARLY HALF ITS WIDTH AND THEN HANGING LOOSELY. THE SHORT TRAIN WAS HEMMED ON THE EDGE WITH LACE, AND THERE WAS LACE FOR A BORDER TO THE BASQUES THAT WERE PLAID FULL AND SEWED ON. MORE LACE EDGED THE BODICE OPENING, FORMED HIGH EAPULETS ON THE SHOULDERS, AND TRIMMED THE BOTTOMS OF THE SLEEVES. SHE WAS A QUAIN FIGURE IN BLACK AND FAWN, WITH HER HIGH ARCHED LACE FAN AND HER BONNET OF BLACK LACE WITH ITS UPSTANDING STARKIE FLOWERS.

There are pretty frocks in one of the plays now going forward. A toilet of the charming pink they call hollyhock is cut in a long, graceful princess shape with a slight train. In front it crosses from left to right and is edged from the neck down the front and about one side with jet embroidered simulating curled feathers. A large picturesquely bent black hat is worn with it, having a trim of hollyhock pink velvet under the brim and one large velvet hollyhock blossom sitting its pollen over the crown.

A negligé that, like Lilla Vane's tights, always gets applause, is of black bengaline, with open blouse boxes, showing glimpses of green satin. There are green sleeves, closely draped, and over these are long loose sleeves of black silk gauze. The skirt draperies suggest paniers, and there is a pointed waistband of black velvet studded with jet nails.

There is another with a great flower of exquisite Chantilly forming the whole upper part of the canopy. Each petal was smoothly spread, airily transparent and unlined. The flower merged itself in black gauze and the gauze again was flounced with Chantilly.

There was a third blossom in lace, the petals forming the entire spread of the canopy with little gores of gauze set between their scallops; these gores painted, some with pink blossoms and some with shepherds and shepherdesses in wattle costumes.

There were flame-colored parasols in net with great polka dot splashes, and parasols in riotously flowered silks thickly rucked at the edges, and parasols in black with a gold colored velvet ribbon running down each rib to tie in a bow at the bottom, and when I had looked at them all and admired and wondered, I doubted if I should be able to live up to any one of them.

The jackets are among the most notable things at the early openings. They take to basque skirts with most amiable unanimity, though the skirts on many models are a trifle shorter than was the case with the late winter designs. One in pale gray cloth has full plaited basques and an edging of fine gold cord which extends itself in front with loops to catch the globular pearl buttons. Gold tracery in lace patterns is wrought about the armholes, and when the fronts are thrown back they reveal a waistcoat of black silk with gold decorations.

Another jacket also in gray, has long basques thickly studded with faceted jet "cabochons." The same shining ornaments are dotted over collar and sleeves. The jacket fronts turn away in black silk revers.

A little wrap in blue gray cloth is an excellent illustration of the spring tendencies. In shape it is loose and full hanging from a yoke and fixed at the waist by a belt, beneath. It has ruffled shoulder epaulets, an edge of narrow black feather trimming and a liberal scattering of jet cabochons. To wear with it is a blue-gray straw turban with wing bows.

Some of the toilets have been interesting at the Lenten gatherings. One of yesterday's hostesses wore a shot blue silk, over which was draped a full skirt of Chantilly with a full but narrow ruffle at the bottom.

At the exhibition of the Woman's art club, the other day, I noticed in front of Mrs. Sewell's fine portrait of Dora Wheeler, a woman with short, thick, red curls. Her skin was delicate, but without color, and her eyes blue. She was not pretty, but she was tall and picturesque in her frock of ruddy fawn cloth, with ruddier silk plastron filling in the neck opening, and forming a deep flounce that fell from the knees plaited.

The tan and beige colors predominate in coats and jackets and also the plain greys, natural homespuns and light-weight fabrics, which are among the most favored materials and plain cloth, diagonal and chubbud.

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A charming garment for a brown-eyed two-year old baby is of delicate brown ottoman, the skirt set on to the waist in big box pleats, lined with pale blue silk, bordered with silver feather edge braid; these pleats are tacked down and form great loose rosettes which fall over the skirt.

Again, suitable for the child taking its first steps, are the little reefers in marine blue, tan and grey, with sailor collars, the whole edged with gilt cord.

The little jackets of silver-grey corduroy are new and very dressy.

The bolero jacket, which is an old-time favorite, seems to retain its hold, many of the light-weight woolsens showing this style.

The bias stripe is in no sense out, and the tartan plaid is always a popular style for little girls' dresses, as well as the kits of boys up to ten years of age.

It is somewhat early to touch upon spring headgear, but the picturesque large hats, the leghorn flops and the sweet little sunbonnet of shirred mull will not be abandoned.

The close shapes are the best for babies in arms, the French cap being the accepted model; it is made of very fine needlework edged with real val and with perhaps a rosette of narrow baby ribbon in front and wider strings that tie beneath the chin.

Slippers and Oxford ties are often worn by children, but prudence suggests the high laced or buttoned shoe, which supports the ankle of the growing child which is apt to be displaced by the turning under of the foot so likely to happen, when the girl or boy's foot is unsupported.

The unformed foot should never be too tightly compressed; a shoe that is too small does not eventually make the foot any smaller, and it is a well-known fact that the extremities in young people seem out of proportion to their size. Let the shoe fit every part of the body equally, for if it does not, a badly formed foot, with accompanying corns and bunions will inevitably result.

One often sees very small children in the room of a chiropodist, their little feet disfigured by the excrescences which seem out of place in childhood.

Again, but scant attention is paid to children's hands, hence ill-formed fingers, nails bitten down to the quick, and rough chapped hands. The mother or nurse should attend regularly to the children's nails, and about once a week it is a good idea to employ the services of a professional manicure who will come to the house for a small emolument.

The habit of giving babies and young children rings is an absurd one, as the ring soon becomes too tight and ruins the shape of the finger. A pin, bracelet or anything is better than a ring, which if it is loose enough the little one is sure to lose.

Juvenile jewelry, if worn at all, should be extremely simple, and all ornaments set with precious stones are in extremely bad taste. The foolish mothers who send their girls to schools loaded with trinkets display, to say the least, very questionable taste, and this custom is apt to foster vanity and a longing for meretricious display.

A little silver watch, which inculcates a habit of punctuality, a few silver bangles and a simple pin are all sufficient for the wants of the school-girl.

American mothers might learn a salutary lesson from the simplicity with which French and English children of noble parentage are costumed. The nursery of the Princess of Wales has none of the superb appointments of the child of American nobility, but everything possible is done which conduces to the health, the simple pleasures and the moral growth of the embryo men and women.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

How Louisa Got Her Shoes.

The revival meeting at the First Methodist church yesterday afternoon was called a want meeting, and was conducted by Abe Mulkey. The preacher said in the course of his talk:

"My wife's shoes were worn out and she said: 'Abe, I ought to have some shoes; I am ashamed of my feet.' I answered: 'Louisa, you shall have them,' I hadn't a cent, but I crawled up in the stable loft and said, 'Oh, Lord, Louisa needs some shoes; please give them to her. Don't you know you said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and all things shall be added.' Now, Lord, we have sought; please give Louisa some shoes.'"

"I went out on the street and met Del Richardson and he said, 'Why, hello, Abe, I've

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

France is the best cultivated country in Europe.

The best bristles used in hair-brushes come from Russia.

A London omnibus carries over 2,500 passengers a week.

The Presbyterian clergy of Scotland number about 3000.

The average height of the clouds from the earth is one mile.

On an average, thin people live 7½ years longer than fat ones.

People utter about 143 words a minute in ordinary conversation.

A needle passes through 80 operations before it is perfectly made.

The heart of a male adult is considerably larger than that of a female.

Only 1 person in 12 in England is a regular church communicant.

Three and a half millions of people are always on the seas of the world.

Westminster Hall is the largest room unsupported by pillars in the world.

There are more public holidays in Honolulu than in any other city in the world.

The motto of the city of Paris is, "Fluctuat nec mergitur"—It floats, but never sinks.

The printing of newspapers and pamphlets was prohibited by King Charles II. in 1680.

The people of the United States consume, it is said, 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

Allowing 4 persons to the square yard, St. Peter's, Rome, will hold 208,000 persons.

The Queen sleeps on a small wooden bedstead, and the window of her room is always open.

The Persians were the first to use coffee as a beverage. The tree was introduced in the West Indies in 1726.

Thomas Coryatt, a traveller, introduced into England the use of forks at table in 1608, having met with the custom in Italy.

The Sahara, the largest desert in the world, is about 3000 miles in length, average breadth about 900 miles, and area about 2,000,000 square miles.

The history of witchcraft is one of the most amazing chapters of human folly. From first to last the number of those put down as death for witchcraft in England is put down as no fewer than thirty thousand.

As late as 1716 a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap.

The cowslip derives its name from a very old and fanciful, but now exploded, idea—that this flower was generated from the saliva of the cow's lip; to corroborate which, it has been stated that it is only found in pastures where milk-cows have grazed. It is, however, known also as the yellow-bell, and is classed with the blue-bell, and has made its appearance where the cow was never known to have been.

General weather at the commencement of the year dresses the meadows and pastures with this favorite of Flora.

The origin of the phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" is generally known. In alehouses where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears; and one may presume many a friendly rascal to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have pointed to the score and exclaimed, "Giles! Giles! mind your P's and Q's." This is the explanation generally accepted by antiquarians.

On the walls of a tomb at Thebes, belonging to a priest of Ammon, the lives of caricature is indulged in even in the sacred subject of a funeral. One of the boats following in the mournful procession across the Nile to the sacred necropolis has grounded, and, in being pushed off the bank, strikes a smaller one laden with sacerdotal offerings of cakes, fruit, etc. The table on which these dainties are arranged has upset, and the good things are falling like a hailstorm on the heads of the astonished rowers underneath. The more we learn of the habits of the ancient Egyptians the less we cherish the old impression of their being a gloomy people of serious character. Human nature five thousand years ago was much the same as it is today, altered simply by climate and custom.

The royal observatory at Greenwich is the largest and most important in Great Britain. The Greenwich observatory was founded in 1675, and stands upon the hill named after the first astronomer-royal, Flamsteed. It was expressly built for the aid of astronomy and navigation, for promoting methods of determining longitude at sea, and more especially for the determination of the moon's motions. All these imply, as their first step, says a report of the astronomer-royal, the formation of accurate catalogues of stars, and the determination of the fundamental elements of the solar system—which objects have been steadily pursued from the foundation of the observatory. In addition to the main pursuits, photo-lithographic, spectroscopic, meteorological, and magnetic investigations are carried on, and the system of correct time is well maintained throughout the country by means of time signals and clocks, electrically controlled by the standard clock in the observatory.

The musket is said to have been invented by the Spaniards, and to have been first used at the battle of Pavia, 1525.

Persia still holds the position of owning the smallest number of merchant vessels. It owns just one, a steamer of 838 tons.

The five vowels appear in alphabetical order in "abstemious," also in the word "factious," and "factiously" gives us the y.

The number of fishermen and boys engaged in sea-fishing in Scotland in 1889 was 47,943, the smallest recorded, there being 675 less than in 1888, and 3154 less than in 1885. The total number employed in sea-fishing industry was 99,857.

"He killed the goose to get the eggs." He grasped at what was more than his due, and lost an excellent customer. The Greek fable, says a countryman, had a goose that laid golden eggs; thinking to himself rich, he killed the goose to get the whole stock of eggs, but lost everything.

The machine employed in match-making factories to cut the matches to finished size is capable of cutting 10,000 splints per day, and the machine which places the splints into the frame used in dipping the points into the various solutions can overhaul as many as 1,000,000 per day. The filling of the boxes with the finished article, however, is still accomplished by hand.

The convocation of Canterbury consists of two houses—the upper is confined to the bishops; the lower is composed of the dean of every cathedral, the archdeacons, with proctors elected from every cathedral chapter, and two more elected by the clergy of every diocese. In York there are two houses, but the bishops, deans, archdeacons and proctors sit together. A fresh election of proctors is made with every new parliament.

In 1885 the number of members of the British house of commons was finally fixed at 670 (elected by 642 constituencies), as against 658 in previous years; England returning 465, Wales 30, Scotland 72, and Ireland 103 members. The previous distribution had been—England 469, Wales 30, Scotland 60, and Ireland 103 seats. There are now 377 county members, as against 289; 284 borough members, as against 360; and 9 university members, as against 9.

Some interesting statistics have been published with regard to the Jews of France. Inclusive of Algeria, they number about 130,000, and they are officially divided into twelve circumscriptions, having as many consistories, viz.: Paris, with a population of 50,000; Marseilles, with 5300; Nancy, 4500; Vesoul, with 3950; Bordeaux, with 3000; Lille, with 2800; Besancon, with 2600; Bayonne, with 2500; Amiens, Lyons, with 2200; while three provinces of Algeria have 49,000 Jews, of whom 25,000 are in the province of Oran, 15,000 in that of Algiers, and 9000 in that of Constantine.

The most profitable inventions are, as a rule, the improvement in simple devices, things of everyday use and that everybody wants. The rubber tip at the end of lead pencils, for instance, has yielded £20,000. In a recent action at law it transpired in evidence that the inventor of the metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upwards of 12,000,000 plates in 1879; and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000, producing realised profits of a quarter of a million of dollars.

Iron tubes rolled from the solid by the Mannmann process, recently perfected and now being vigorously worked, are credited with extraordinary tenacity and great closeness of texture. The absence of any weld or seam enables them to stand the very roughest treatment without fracture, while the nature of the manufacturing process gives a slightly fibrous structure in a spiral direction; thus enormously increasing the strength to resist rupture. Tubes, it is said, have been made which withstand an air pressure of 4500 lbs. per square inch.

In the year 1852, wages paid to haymakers in England were 1d. a day. A mow of meadows, 3d. a day, or 5d. an acre. Reapers of corn in the first week of August, 2d., in the second, 3d., a day, and so on till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance, finding their own tools. For threshing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of barley, beans, peas, and oats, 1½d. A master carpenter, 3d. a day; other carpenters, 2d. A master mason, 4d. a day; other masons, 3d., and their servants, 1½d. a day. Tilers, 3d., and their "knaves," 1½d. Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls, and their knaves, in like manner, without meat or drink; and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices.

The following is a list of the presidents of the United States:—Declaration of Independence, 4th July, 1776; General Washington, first president, 1789 and 1793; John Adams, 1797; Thomas Jefferson, 1801 and 1805; James Madison, 1809 and 1813; James Monroe, 1817 and 1821; John Quincy Adams, 1825; General Andrew Jackson, 1829 and 1833; Martin Van Buren, 1837; General William Henry Harrison (died 4th April), 1841; John Tyler (previously vice-president), 1841; James Knox Polk, 1845; General Zachary Taylor (died 9th July, 1850); 1849; Millard Fillmore (previously vice-president), 1850; General Franklin Pierce, 1853; James Buchanan, 1857; Abraham Lincoln (assassinated 14th April, 1865), 1861 and 1865; Andrew Johnson (previously vice-president), 1865; General Ulysses S. Grant, 1869 and 1873; Rutherford Birchard Hayes, after long contest with Tilden, 1877; General Garfield (shot July 2, died September 19), 1881; Chester A. Arthur, vice-president, succeeded September 20, 1881; Grover Cleveland, 1885; General Benjamin Harrison, 1889.

One of the most singular facts about the growth of London is its regularity. It may be roughly taken that every month about a thousand houses are added to it.

Whalebone is not bone, neither has it any of the properties of bone. It may be a sort of feather or hair in the whale's mouth, which serves the substantial purpose of straining the water which the fish takes up in large mouthfuls.

Here are some figures as to the comparative values of fuel-heat generated by the consumption of:

1lb of charcoal of wood.....	melts 33lbs of ice
1lb of good coal.....	" 90lbs "
1lb of coke.....	" 100lbs "
1lb of wood.....	" 32lbs "
1lb of peat.....	" 19lbs "

The caving rock is the smallest of the rock tribe. He is a true insect-destroyer. The carab, or red crow, will kill young lambs or pigs by picking out their eyes. A buzzard will destroy 6000 mice annually. One owl is worth a dozen cats in the field, barn, or granary. Blackbirds, thrushes, robins, starlings, and larks are worm-eating birds. The goldfinch eats thistles in a day. The cockroach deposits 100 eggs at one time, and the wheat-fly 130 eggs, and the aphid is still more prolific.

A curious observation has been made in experimenting with the phonograph. The wax cylinders used in Edison's latest improved instrument are so smooth that they appear highly polished, but when the stylus is pressing against this smooth surface before it actually enters the indent, an impression which is to be reproduced, it appears that the noise heard in the ear-tube, as an observer has noted, simply tremendous, being far louder than the volume of sound given out when the indentations are entered on and the record is being reproduced. No explanation of this has yet been given.

There must be added to the already numerous applications of photography that of an agent in medical diagnosis. A Berlin lady was having her photograph taken. The face in the first negative came out covered with spots. Examination showing nothing abnormal in the sitter, a second was taken with the same result; so it could not be the fault of the plates. What was it? In a week the lady was afflicted with small-pox. The cleverest physician could have perceived nothing, but the sensitive film of the photographic plate had detected an actinic alteration of the skin where the pustules were to develop.—*Courier de l'Europe.*

Summarising a lengthy and most exhaustive review of marine engineering developments and progress during the past 15 years, delivered before the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. A. E. Scaton, of Hull, declared that in 15 years the speed of steamships carrying passengers has been increased from 30 to 40 per cent.; the consumption of coal per horse-power has been decreased from 20 to 30 per cent., or, say, an average of 25 per cent.; the cost of horse power has been decreased by almost a similar amount, and in some cases but a half of what it was in 1875; and the safety, comfort, and convenience of the travelling public have been enhanced instead of sacrificed.

A singer with a powerful voice singing strongly into a wine glass or tumbler on a note in unison with that of the glass can break it to atoms by this means. The waves of sound set up vibrations in the glass which increase in amplitude until its molecular cohesion is overcome and it flies into fragments. Many breakages of glass in course of transport may be owing to vibratory movements rather than to direct shocks, and the well-known effect produced by the very slight means of cannon, etc., have in breaking window panes within a radius which is often very extensive, is a result of the violent vibrations set up in the glass. *La Nature* points out that much breakage of glass may be prevented by the very simple means of taping or gluing bands of paper crossing each other in various directions on the glass it is desired to preserve. These bands check the spreading of the vibrations, and keep them from acquiring an amplitude which would effect disruption. A very useful application of this principle is recommended for cutting the very thin cover-glass used in preparing microscopic slides. If the glass is gummed to strips of paper—the edging of postage-stamps, for instance—it may be cut with a pair of scissors into any desired shape without fracturing.

Mr. Horace Sweet, Worcester city and county analyst, has been examining so-called "pure snow," and finds it anything but pure. It will be found to contain as much as 20 per cent. of impurities, and the most effective filter and purifying agent on the air, sweeping out all its impurities. The result of the analysis of a sample taken away from houses and about two inches deep from the surface of a brick wall was solid matter per 100,000 parts—11.43, consisting of organic matter, 3.21; mineral matter, 8.22; free ammonia, 4.36; organic ammonia; oxygen required to oxidise organic matter, 1.03. Raised to 220 degrees it emitted a small like burnt leather, and the deposit was opaque black. Melted snow cannot accordingly be recommended as a drinking water. Of course it is well known that rain has a purifying influence on the atmosphere—everything is freshened up, and the air appears clearer and sweeter—and the purest natural water is that collected in the free open air away from houses; but probably snow acts as a still more efficient filtering agent—germs, soot, and other impurities being entangled in the meshes of the crystal network of the flakes. The matters carried down by snow and rain are useful as manure to the ground, and doubtless many harmful microbes are killed by frost succeeding a fall of snow.

Women and Newspapers.

Frances Willard's advice to women to read the newspapers is pertinent and forcible. She says, "Women are so susceptible on that subject, as a class, and I am never more annoyed for my 'sect' than when the newsboy goes trotting through at full speed if he finds that the car contains chiefly women, never dreaming that they want a paper. I clutch his sleeve with a pin and buy one of every variety he has, and ask him what he is thinking about to lose patronage in that way. Gossip is nothing but small news—the nickles, pennies and dimes—while the newspaper deals in dollars and V's and X's; so it widens the mind more of every variety he papers than to gossip about the neighbors."

Mrs. Spurgeon, the wife of the great London preacher, though an invalid, is a fairy godmother to poor ministers. She sends gifts of clothing to their wives, which a small society under her supervision have fashioned, and to the pastors themselves she makes gifts of books. During the past year 6,916 volumes, making a total of 115,262 volumes given since the book fund was established, have been distributed among 560 ministers of different denominations, including 152 clergy of the Church of England; 6,565 have been distributed in England and 7,000 in foreign lands. The remarkable part of the work is that it is carried on single-handed by this invalid lady.

The Mikado of Japan is to visit Wiesbaden next summer partly for the waters and partly for the spectacle of "abstemious," also in the word "factious," and "factiously" gives us the y.

The mad king of Bavaria sometimes smokes as many as a hundred cigarettes a day. For each cigarette he uses an entire box of matches, touching off the others to see them burn after he has used one to secure a light with. He has a new suit of black broadcloth made for him twice every week, but he never uses a handkerchief, towel or napkin. He refuses to go near water, and never bathes.

Jean Ingelov, now considerably more than 55, has never married. She has always been devoted in a marked degree to her mother, and while the latter lived the two dwelt together. Miss Ingelov is much given to works of charity, and among other beneficent acts is in the habit of giving regularly at her lovely Kensington home to the poor, old and young, what are known as "copyright dinners," from the proceeds of her own books.

Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, is a living refutation of the oft-repeated statement that great men's sons are nobodies. In appearance, Mr. Hawthorne is like the modern edition of his renowned father, is six feet high, broad shouldered, genial man of four and forty, very fond of salt water, and especially of yachting. His home is in Sag Harbor, and he has a large family of daughters, who wear aesthetic costumes. Mrs. Hawthorne is a sister of George Parsons Lathrop.

Robert Louis Stevenson has a mother who almost idolizes him. Mrs. Stevenson is a little Scotch woman who is revered by her neighbors in the town of Bournemouth, where at present she lives. Robert is her only son, and years ago, with her keen Scotch insight for character, she predicted that "Louis," as she calls him, would be heard of all through the world. "Just wait," she would say to her Scotch neighbors, "wait for Louis's turn. He will be a great man yet, and I shall live to see him famous." The mother's great enjoyment is a scrapbook of immense size, in which she religiously keeps everything that is written of her literary son. He sends all the newspaper scraps which he sees about himself to her, as also does his wife. On the title page of the scrapbook she has had inscribed the following lines:

Speak well of my love,
Speak ill of my love,
But say he's speaking of him.

Professional Postage.

One of the foremost women artists of New York is emphatic in insisting that a majority of studio-models are modest, clever women. She says the ordinary price paid is \$1 a morning, or thirty-three and one-half cents an hour, posing thirty and resting fifteen minutes. It is tremendously trying work, necessitating considerable training to make a subject available for an artist's purposes. Fretfulness of form and feature are strong recommendations to favor, but women of heroic mould with characteristic and marked faces, are prized above beauties, and are often able to command very high rates. As an instance of the possibility of the profession, she told of two little Italian boys, brothers, who support a family of nine members solely with money earned in this way. They are charmingly handsome chaps, with lustrous southern eyes. They sit for pictures of fruit-vendors, acolytes, boy princes, etc. So easily and surely do the young foreigners make a living, that with the abandon common to their race, both parents have a rowdy labor, and with five other children subsist upon the studio profits of their two eldest sons.—*Illustrated American.*

Facial Expression.

A man's occupation has a great deal to do with making his facial expression. Studies or scholarly professions, intellectual pursuits, when coupled with moral habits, brighten the face and give a superior look. An unselfish nature, or love of study or arts, will make a bright pleasant face; but, on the contrary, a man may have a face that does not please any one, because he is a butcher, or a lawyer, or a soldier, or a hard, severe look; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious; judges look grave, and a man whose home life is unhappy looks all broken up. The business often makes the face. How often we think this man is a butcher, or a lawyer, or a minister, the other a doctor, and so on. It is seldom we are mistaken, for the calling shows through the faces. And who fails to recognize the genuine farmer the minute one sets eyes on him?—*New York Ledger.*

The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health-giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Do not continue in a dull, tiresome, unsatisfactory condition when you may be so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

WHAT DOES THE MICROBE KILLER DO?

It is a specific for SORE and ULCERATED THROAT, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA, etc. The microbes of these diseases are destroyed immediately upon application. They need be no longer feared; they are conquered by MICROBE KILLER.

STOMACH TROUBLES, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE are generally caused by fermentation, which shows itself in a sour stomach, wind in stomach, heartburn or water-brush. As MICROBE KILLER always destroys and prevents fermentation, these troubles are always cured, and sometimes immediately relieved.

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ASTHMA and BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are relieved and cured by the medicine, as many can testify. CONSUMPTION and LUNG DISEASE find the MICROBE KILLER the only medicine that can successfully cope with them. The disease is arrested at once, so that it makes no progress. The remaining work is to destroy and throw off the microbes already in the system. This takes time, but meantime the patient is made more comfortable and gains in strength and appetite. One patient, after trying all other remedies, remarked: "MICROBE KILLER" is the only medicine a consumptive can tie to."

CATARHITIS is one of the most common and most obstinate of all diseases. It can only be cured by treating locally and through the blood. Ordinary cases yield readily to MICROBE KILLER. Chronic cases take longer time, but are effectually cured by faithful treatment.

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"Oh, papa! man the coachman." Po

A young lady at her lover's

was dislocated and a for.—Ex.

Cabbage—"You o eggs flying when Chi

Master De Wilber was zat lady viv ze

He—"I think I His wife—"Wd de them; but they never

He wrote a verse on Received a check The lady being dead Declared that he h

"Mebbe you drop ter?" "Dum me verry honest." "No wassen't nutting in

He (gushingly)— and leave you, I?" She (shre It would be a breach

Patient—"If I w shock, de you think relapse? Doct de them. Please remem your bill.—Ex.

Scholar (reads)— his victim unaware. class—"Teacher, he He orter said 'the tim's underwar'."

Miss B.—"But the are at his funeral! he was not a gr Well, I'm sure I d mean by 'great art

"What a lovely clamation of the Waite, upon pass "What an excellent when her sensitive opinion of the chief

Mrs. B.—"This have no one to be warned you often shortening your da

dentist's daughter approaching)— comes my father! together here, we a ing! You will hav hand or—let him p

Mrs. De Kay Kn throw that cigar Knight—Why, low have me smoke, Mrs. De Kay Kn Fido then. It make

Waiter (looking in hotel bed-room. you to make less gentleman in the n read. Host of the building and La me read when I was Me Up.

"Boo! hoo-hoo!" "What is the m mother. "Hoo-h Green was playin' the coal-shed, whe window and La me jack!"—Judge.

"I understand you house away, a Kansas friend," replied the Kansasite altogether on the see I was fool en building."—Chicag

"I'll marry Miss mix, 'people wiv money. You see I by her fortune." you ought not to be ruled Skingulle tune handy for b Inter-Ocean.

"Well," said a condemned client last. "A reprie the prisoner. "N your uncle has die now you can meet feeling that th your 'uncle' is rewarded."

Mrs. Potts—"I thought it was h had sought my ha now. I am firm money he was "Well, it must be tion to you to kno fool as you thought

Bobby (at brea Mr. Spooner tak hats) from the "Why, of course Bobby—"That's I thought he die he was going of

just one, and— ter, Clara?" A grey hair a locks of a friend "Oh, pray pull "If I pull it on fanery," replied they—"welcome o nev'rtless," said "It is no sort of come to the funer in black."

"Yes, Charles give up the mus "Why, Thomas, the lyrics of your so heartless?" write for fame, a now the world de and declares she cannot. I will no able indignity."

Landlord Hoo a work from w ancients constru "don't throw sto

"Wouldn't believe you see, 'two within.' I was now I have got throwing that s but I am not a

OUR HISTORY CONTEST.

PRIZE OF ONE DOLLAR FOR SOME BRIGHT READER.

Four Questions in History To Be Answered—The Aim of the Contest—Same Rules as Govern the Bible Question Competition.

Almost everybody has studied more or less history. Much of it has vanished with their school days and questions which sometime ago could be easily answered are somewhat puzzling today. We have started this competition partly to revive an interest in a useful study, and partly to increase the interest of the young folks in Progress. We have secured the services of a gentleman well qualified to conduct the question department. The questions will be given every week and the publisher of Progress will give One Dollar for the first correct answer that reaches Progress office. The rules and conditions that govern the Bible Question Competition will also regulate this. Answers will be received until the Saturday following publication, and the successful competitor will be announced the next Saturday. Answers should be addressed to "History Competition" care Progress, St. John, N. B.

The Century magazine is publishing, in advance of publication, extracts from the memoirs of Talleyrand, the famous French diplomatist. He was the best or worst abused man of his times. But his versatility, astuteness, personal magnetism were so great that he maintained his influence over the affairs of France and Europe in spite of the suspicion and dislike of the governments under whom he served. Like the clergyman who in the song declared that he would "be Vicar of Bray" whatever party might be in power, Talleyrand was indifferent to the government he served so long as under it, he held some conspicuous position, as diplomatist, or minister. He served under the government of the Directory when France was a republic. He intrigued against Napoleon and helped to make Napoleon Bonaparte consul; and when Napoleon made himself emperor, served him as his minister of foreign affairs. After the downfall of the empire which, it is suspected, he helped to bring about, he was minister under Louis XVIII., and when the last reigning Bourbon, Charles X., was driven from France, he served under the "citizen king," the constitutional monarch, Louis Phillipe.

Talleyrand might have disliked and detested Napoleon when he was emperor, but he seems to have admired him in his youth, when the first laurels of victory were around his brow. Madame de Penusat, in her memoirs, tells a story regarding these two great men that reflects more credit on the wily diplomatist than on the imperial warrior. She says that before setting out for Egypt, Napoleon called on Talleyrand who was lying ill in bed. He sat by the bedside and talked in the freest manner of the ambitious dreams of his youth. He spoke of the difficulties in which he was placed for want of money, and said that he did not know where to get any. Talleyrand who was interested by what he heard, and sympathized with the difficulties against which the young general had to contend, told him to open his desk where he would find a hundred thousand francs (\$20,000) which he could repay when he returned from Egypt. Napoleon expressed his gratitude in the liveliest manner; but, on becoming consul, he returned the money. He questioned Talleyrand as to his reasons for lending it. On Talleyrand's saying (to quote his own words) "I had some, I was feeling very ill; it was quite possible I might never see you again; but you were young, you had impressed me very strongly, and I felt impelled to render you a service without any after-thought whatever." "In that case," said Bonaparte, "and if it was really done without any design, you acted a dupe's part!"

The interest in the history competition is even greater than that excited by the Bible question competition. Hundreds of answers have been received from bright boys and girls, many of whom are remarkably correct. Miss ETHEL H. JARVIS, No. 9, Elliott Row, St. John, sent the first correct answer to this office—though by no means the first answer—and consequently receives the prize. In addition to hers, correct answers came from the following boys and girls: Jennie Pope, 118 Orange street; Harold A. Lyman, 294 Princess street; Mary McG. Hare, 199 King street (East); Helen A. Johnston, 192 Sydney street; May Ward, 97 City Road; Gertrude Piffard, Victoria school, Moncton, N. B.; Mary Kelly, Adelaide street, North End; Edna G. Powers, 59 Acadia street; Wilfred E. Wetmore, Clifton Kings Co., N. B.; Marguerite Nicolson, Fredericton; Mimma Carmichael, St. Andrews; Louise G. Trites, Sussex, N. B.; Norman P. McLeod, Fredericton; Miss Millie Walsh, Petcodiac, Westmorland Co., N. B.; A Student, 134 Carmarthen street; Frank Pidgeon, Indian town, North End; Kathleen Phair, Fredericton, N. B.; Walter Taylor, 34 Cliff street; Lillie B. Taylor, Keohan P. O., Sussex, N. B.; Bertie Curran, Buctouche; Birdie Patten, 186 Main st., north end; Bella J. Nelson, 247 King st. east; Dorothea T. Nicholson, Mecklenburg st.; Stephen B. Gerow, 46

Garden st.; Gertrude McCulloch, Waasis station, Sunbury county.

Following are the questions and correct answers:

- (1) In what year were the Acadians expelled from Nova Scotia? Ans.—1755 A. D.
(2) What American poet has immortalized that expulsion, and what is the name of the poem? Ans.—Henry W. Longfellow in "Evangeline."
(3) In what city within the Dominion of Canada, and year, did the first general legislative assembly meet? Ans.—In Halifax, 1758, Oct. 2.
(4) Give the names of the British settlers who first established a trading station in the harbor of St. John and state the year? Ans.—James Simonds, James White, Francis Peabody; 1762.

HISTORY QUESTION COMPETITION NO. 3.

- 1. In whose reign and in what year did the union between Great Britain and Ireland take place?
2. In whose reign and in what year did England and Scotland become united under the name of Great Britain?
3. What was the cause of the death of King William who reigned conjointly with Queen Mary?
4. Who was the last of the Saxon kings?

THE ENGLISH ARMY

Compared With That of Other Powers By Sir Charles Dilke.

The total expenditure on the army, out of taxes, in the year, in the case of the United Kingdom, was last year, according to Sir Charles Dilke, 16 1/2 millions, and in India the same, or 33 millions sterling (34 millions in the present year.) besides the expenditure out of loans, and that of the self-governing colonies, for the armies of the British empire. The colonies altogether spend for themselves about £1,500,000 a year for army purposes, in addition to the contribution made by some of them towards marine defence. While the armies of the British empire cost about 35 1/2 millions sterling a year, the German empire costs about 33 1/2 millions sterling, and the French army a little over 28 millions. Our armies cost us, therefore, considerably more than theirs; but while each of these powers would have a field on the twenty-first day of mobilisation over two millions of men, with between 3000 and 4000 guns, and behind this vast force a large garrison and territorial army in reserve, we could altogether muster but 850,000 men from all the resources at our command. But the ingenious Briton will retort that, though our forces are small, they are of exceptional quality; that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen, that one volunteer is as good as two pressed men, and so on—and so on, &c., &c. Not so. The two million active German or French troops, of whom we have just spoken, are "pretty much the same all through"—that is to say, they are of uniform quality, even if it be granted that their standard be not as high as ours. Our muster-roll, on the contrary, is built up from the most heterogeneous sources, and its quality, when the training and education of the soldier are considered, if in some respects high, is in others deplorable. The total we arrive at is made up of 137,000 regular troops, excellent though deficient in some particulars; 50,000 to 55,000 first-class army reserve, useful but not periodically drilled, as is the reserve of every Continental army; 2000 second-class army reserve, hardly worth counting; 113,000 militia, who may be said to be without half their officers; 3000 Channel island militia; about 1000 Malta and St. Helena militia; 11,000 yeomanry; 224,000 volunteers; 74,000 regulars in India (undoubtedly a splendid force); 68,000 good native troops in India; 55,000 Indian native troops; and 21,000 of what Sir Charles Dilke terms "odds and ends." In other words, the figures we can produce include everything we can possibly term a soldier, from a guardsman to a native policeman. They include some regiments of Indian infantry which are recognized even by ourselves as worthless, and whom we from time to time disband as such. They include the St. Helena militia and the Royal Irish constabulary, who, however efficient in their own sphere, would probably be so occupied in it that they can hardly be considered available to fight a foreigner. But, more than this, not only is our force thus variable and sometimes unsatisfactory as regards the quality of its component parts, but it is singularly badly proportioned as regards the arms of which it is composed. If there is one thing which recent experiments have established more than another, and upon which there is complete unanimity of opinion amongst military men, it is this—that modern armies should in future campaigns be remarkably well furnished with both cavalry and artillery. Infantry will be unable to see modern musketry unless they are well supported by guns, and have the way of their attack prepared for them by artillery fire. A thick veil of horsemen will shroud the movements of a modern army from its opponent, and an army which has not a strong force of cavalry, both to gain information for it and to ward off its opponent's scouts, will be at the mercy of a better-informed antagonist. It will neither be able to see nor remain unseen. Yet how do we find that our attenuated levies are furnished with these necessary adjuncts? Contemptibly so, it seems, as regards artillery. We have but a nominal 600 guns all told, against 2,000 to 4,000 belonging to the Powers that may oppose us; and of these we could not place above 320 in the field! Not only have we an absurdly small number of batteries, but we propose for fourteen in order to make up ammunition columns! That is to say, we organize, equip and educate a scientific body of men in order that they may, on an outbreak of hostilities, be equal to the duties which Pickford's or Carter Paterson's draymen daily perform in our streets! The Germans on the 1st of October last added to their artillery almost as many guns as we have in the whole world, and Romania and Switzerland can each of them put into the field about as many guns as can the British Empire. Nor when we come to analyse our cavalry returns are matters more reassuring. We have only 12,000 horses to mount 19,000 troopers both in India and at home together.—Saturday Review.

BILL KINNY'S ARREST.

THIRST FOR GORE OVERCAME BY HIS APPETITE FOR POSSUM.

Ople Read Tells How a Why Sheriff Got the Handcuffs on a Tennessee Desperado Who Resisted Arrest—He Didn't Mind the Expense of Brass and Powder. Billy Kinny, of Dry Fork, killed a prominent man of the community, and the authorities, after some little meditation, decided that he ought to be arrested. But Bill objected, and when three deputy sheriffs called on him he laid a Winchester rifle across one corner of his homestead, killed one of the deputies, and so painfully wounded the other two that they strolled back to the Shady Grove court house. Several days later, while Bill was sitting in front of his door, Mark Townsend, the



"IF YOU TAKE YOUR ARMS OFFEN THAT FENCE."

sheriff in chief, walked up to the fence and lazily placed his arms on the top rail. Bill reached back and took up his rifle. "Good mornin', Bill." "Hi, Mark." "Had a good bit of a frost last night." "Yes, ruther. Which way you travelin', Mark." "Oh, no way in particular. Lowed you must be lonesome an' I thought I'd drop over an' talk with you a while. Don't make no difference how lively a feller is, he's apt to get lonesome once in a while, specially this time of the year."

"I reckon that's true," Bill replied. "Some fellers come out here the other day, an' one of them got so lonesome that he jest natchally had to lay down." "So I learn," said the sheriff. "By the way," he added, "them fellers that you speak about wanted you to go to Shady Grove with them, didn't they?" "Yes they lowed that a jedge down thar wanted to make my acquaintance."

"You don't say so," exclaimed the sheriff. "Why the jedge is a mighty big man, an' I'd think you'd like to meet him, Bill." "I would, but you see I ain't in society this year." "Sarter retired, air you?" "Yes, thought I was gettin' a leetle too old fur the bright foolishness an' yaller trimmin's of this here life."

"Yes, that must be," the sheriff replied. "A feller does withdraw mightily as he gets along in age; but say, the jedge is a friend of mine an' I want you to meet him." "No, I'm obliged to you. I never hankered after these here fellers that pride themselves on their book larnin'."

"I don't exactly crave them," the sheriff rejoined, "wolloping" his tobacco about in his mouth, "but still I think we ought to meet them once in a while. But say, Bill, there's a man down at Shady Grove that I do want you to meet." "Who is he?" "Sam Powers."

"He's the jailor, ain't he?" "Yes, an' the best one you ever seen."

"So they say," Bill replied, fondling his rifle. "In fact them fellers that was here the other day wanted me to meet him."

One time he had ter hang a feller named Brice, an' Brice sorter kicked against it, sayin' a feller that was hard to please, anyhow; so Wash, in that soft way of his'n, stepped up to put on the rope an' says: 'Brice, you will please excuse me, but I'll not detain you but a moment.' So I thought that if I'd come here to-day with strong consideration an' smooth gentleness you mout accept the jailor's invitation to come an' spend a while with him."

"No, I'm obliged to you. I don't care about goin' today. I've got to go over the ridge an' whip a feller tomorrow, an' if I don't do it I'm afereed he mout be disappointed. Well, now, Mark," he added, "if you ain't got no further business with me I reckon you'd better be shovin' along."

"But I have got some further business with you, Bill. I want you to go with me an' see the jailor." "Wall I ain't goin'." "I lowed you would, Bill."

"Wall, I low I won't an' if you take yo' arms offen that fence I'll drop you right whar you stand." "So I hear'n," said the sheriff, "say I come over here to take you to jail."

"You don't say so." "Yes, an' you want to go with me." "How many men did you bring with you?" "None at all, but you air goin'." "Mebbe; after all these here cartridges is shot off."

"No, I thought you would go with me without havin' to waste any of the cartridges. You know the price of brass an' powder have riz mighty of late."

"Oh, now here, Mark, I don't care nothin' fur expenses. I don't mind shootin' a few balls into a feller that wants to put me in jail an' afterwards hang me."

"I'm pleased to know you think so much of yo'self, but say, I told the boys over at Shady Grove that you would come back with me an' I wish you would."

"I'd like to accommodate you, Mark, but I don't feel like strollin' today." "Sorry to hear that, for I told the boys that I'd have you in jail by twelve o'clock today."

"I wish you hadn't told them, Mark; an' you oughter done it fur you didn't know how busy I mout be." "Yes, mebbe I done wrong," said the sheriff, "but I didn't know after all that

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